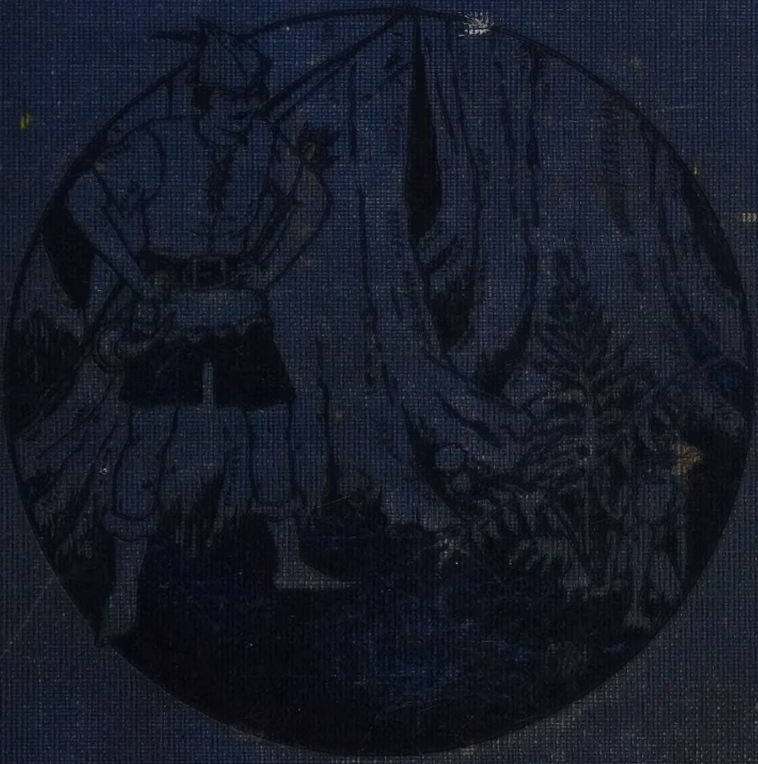
The LAIDLAW READERS



BOOK FIVE

[redacted]

There are loyal hearts, there are
spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure
and true;
Then give to the world the best
you have,
And the best will come back
to you.

Give love, and love to your life
will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts
will show
Their faith in your word and
deed.

DISCARD

C. 1928

Give truth, and your gift will be
paid in kind,
And honor will honor meet;
And a smile that is sweet will
surely find
A smile that is just as sweet.

For life is the mirror of king and
slave;
'Tis just what we are and do;
Then give to the world the best
you have,
And the best will come back
to you.

MADELINE S. BRIDGES

Property of Hickory Grove School
1934

The LAIDLAW READERS

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BOOK FIVE

Illustrated by Mabel B. Hill

LAIDLAW BROTHERS
Publishers
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WHAT THE FAWNS MUST KNOW

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

Mooween (mo͞o-we͞en′): the black bear.
Meeko (me͞ek′o): the red squirrel.
Cheokhes (che͞-ok-hĕs′): the mink.
Eleemos (el-e͞e′mos): the fox.
dingle: a small valley.
dangling: hanging.
crinkly: wavy.
glintings: gleam.
instinct: the natural impulse guiding an animal to action.
intruder: one who enters without invitation.
plaintive: sad.
phenomenon: extraordinary person, thing, occurrence.
tremor: a trembling or quivering.
tainted: infected, poisoned.

BEFORE YOU READ THE STORY

This story was written by a man who could read the signs in the woods just as easily as you can read the "word signs" on this printed page. He could tell the track of a bear from the footprint of a deer. He could locate a "squirrel's workshop" by the little pile of "chips" from the spruce cones. He knew the meaning of every broken twig.

One day when he was tramping through the woods he discovered two little spotted fawns lying in the sunlight in a tiny house under the roots of a fallen tree. When you read the story you will learn what happened.

AS YOU READ THE STORY

Look for the following points:

1. How the fawns were discovered.

2. How was it possible to tell whether a bear or a deer had passed?

3. How the mother deer called and signaled to the fawns.

I

To this day it is hard to understand how any eyes could have found them, they were so perfectly hidden. I was following a little brook, which led me by its singing to a deep dingle in the very heart of the big woods. A great fallen tree lay across my path and made a bridge over the stream. Now bridges are for crossing; that is plain to even the least of the wood folk; so I sat down on the mossy trunk to see who my neighbors might be, and what little feet were passing on the King's Highway.

Here, beside me, are claw marks in the moldy bark. Only a bear could leave that deep, strong imprint. And

see! there is where the moss slipped and broke beneath his weight. A restless tramp is Mooween, who scatters his records over forty miles of hillside on a summer day, when his lazy mood happens to leave him for a season. Here, on the other side, are the bronze-green petals of a spruce cone, chips from a squirrel's workshop, scattered as if Meeko has brushed them hastily from his yellow apron when he rushed out to see Mooween as he passed. There, beyond, is a mink sign, plain as daylight, where Cheokhes sat down a little while after his breakfast of frogs. And here, clinging to a stub, touching my elbow as I sit with heels dangling idly over the lazy brook, is a crinkly yellow hair, which tells me that Eleemos the Sly One, as Simmo calls him, hates to wet his feet, and so uses a fallen tree, or stone in the brook, for a bridge, like his brother fox of the settlements.

Just in front of me was another fallen tree, lying alongside the stream in such a way that no animal more dangerous than a roving mink would ever think of using it. Under its roots, away from the brook, was a hidden and roomy little house, with hemlock tips drooping over its doorway for a curtain. "A pretty place for a den," I thought; "for no one could ever find you there." Then, as if to contradict me, a stray sunbeam found the spot and sent curious bright glintings of sheen and shadow dancing and playing under the fallen roots and trunk. "Beautiful!" I cried, as the light fell on the brown mold and flecked it with white and yellow. The sunbeam went away again, but seemed to leave its brightness behind it; for there was still the gold-brown mold under the roots, and the flecks of white and yellow. I stooped down to see it better; I reached in my hand — then the brown mold

changed suddenly to softest fur; the glintings of white and yellow were the dappled sides of two little fawns, lying there very still and frightened, just where their mother had hidden them when she went away.

They were but a few days old when I found them. Each had on his little Joseph's coat; and each, I think, must have had also a magic cloak somewhere about him; for he had only to lie down anywhere to become invisible. The curious markings, like the play of light and shadow through the leaves, hid the little owners perfectly, so long as they held themselves still and let the sunbeams dance over them. Their beautiful heads were a study for an artist, — delicate, graceful, exquisitely colored. And their great soft eyes had a questioning innocence, as they met yours, which went straight to your heart and made you claim the beautiful creatures for your

own instantly. There is nothing in all the woods that so takes your heart by storm as the face of a little fawn.

II

They were timid at first, lying close, without motion of any kind. The instinct of obedience — the first and strongest instinct of every creature born into this world — kept them loyal to the mother's command to stay where they were and be still till she came back. So even after the hemlock curtain was brushed aside, and my eyes saw and my hand touched them, they kept their heads flat to the ground and pretended that they were only parts of the brown forest floor, and that the spots on their bright coats were but flecks of summer sunshine.

I felt then that I was an intruder; that I ought to go straight away and leave them; but the little things were too beautiful, lying there in their wonderful old den, with fear and wonder and

questionings dancing in their soft eyes as they turned them back at me like a mischievous child playing peekaboo. It is a tribute to our higher nature that one cannot see a beautiful thing anywhere without wanting to draw near, to see, to touch, to possess it. And here was beauty such as one rarely finds, and, though I was an intruder, I could not go away.

The hand that touched the little wild things brought no sense of danger with it. It searched out the spots behind their velvet ears, where they love to be rubbed; it wandered down over their backs with a little wavy caress in its motion; it curled its palm up softly under their moist muzzles and brought their tongues out instantly for the faint suggestion of salt that was in it. Suddenly their heads came up. Play was over now. They had forgotten their hiding, their first lesson; they turned and

looked at me full with their great, innocent, questioning eyes. It was wonderful; I was undone. One must give his life, if need be, to defend the little things after they had looked at him just once like that.

When I rose at last, after petting them to my heart's content, they staggered up to their feet and came out of their house. Their mother had told them to stay; but here was another big kind animal, evidently, whom they might safely trust. "Take the gifts the gods provide thee" was the thought in their little heads; and the taste in their tongues' ends, when they licked my hand, was the nicest thing they had ever known. As I turned away they ran after me, with a plaintive little cry, to bring me back. When I stopped they came close, nestling against me, one on either side, and lifted their heads to be petted and rubbed again.

Standing so, all eagerness and wonder, they were a perfect study in first impressions of the world. Their ears had already caught the deer trick of twitching nervously and making trumpets at every sound. A leaf rustled, a twig broke, the brook's song swelled as a floating stick jammed in the current, and instantly the fawns were all alert. Eyes, ears, noses questioned the phenomenon. Then they would raise their eyes slowly to mine. "This is a wonderful world. This big wood is full of music. We know so little. Tell us all about it," — that is what the beautiful eyes were saying as they lifted up to mine, full of innocence and delight at the joy of living. Then the hands that rested fondly, one on either soft neck, moved down from their ears with a caressing sweep and brought up under their moist muzzles. Instantly the wood and its music vanished; the questions ran away out of their eyes. Their

eager tongues were out, and all the unknown sounds were forgotten in the new sensation of lapping a man's palm, with a wonderful taste hidden somewhere under its friendly roughnesses. They were still licking my hands, nestling close against me, when a twig snapped faintly far behind us.

Now twig snapping is the great index to all that passes in the wilderness. Curiously enough, no two animals can break even a twig under their feet and give the same warning. The *crack* under a bear's foot, except when he is stalking his game, is heavy and heedless. The hoof of a moose crushes a twig, and chokes the sound of it before it can tell its message fairly. When a twig speaks under a deer in his passage through the woods, the sound is sharp, dainty, alert. It suggests the *plop* of a raindrop into the lake. And the sound behind us now could not be mistaken. The mother of

my little innocents was coming.

III

I hated to frighten her, and through her to destroy their new confidence; so I hurried back to the den, the little ones running close by my side. Ere I was halfway, a twig snapped sharply again; there was a swift rustle in the underbrush, and a doe sprang out, with a low bleat as she saw the home log. At sight of me she stopped short, trembling violently, her ears pointing forward like two accusing fingers, an awful fear in her soft eyes as she saw her little ones with her archenemy between them, his hands resting on their innocent necks. Her body swayed away, every muscle tense for the jump; but her feet seemed rooted to the spot. Slowly she swayed back to her balance, her eyes holding mine; then away again as the danger scent poured into her nose. But still the feet stayed. She could not move; could not believe.

Then, as I waited quietly and tried to make my eyes say all sorts of friendly things, the harsh, throaty *K-a-a-a-h*! *k-a-a-a-h*! the danger cry of the deer, burst like a trumpet blast through the woods, and she leaped back to cover.

At the sound the little ones jumped as if stung, and plunged into the brush in the opposite direction. But the strange place frightened them; the hoarse cry that went crashing through the startled woods filled them with nameless dread. In a moment they were back again, nestling close against me, growing quiet as the hands stroked their sides without tremor or hurry.

Around us, out of sight, ran the fear-haunted mother, calling, calling; now showing her head, with the terror deep in her eyes; now dashing away, with her white flag up, to show her little ones the way they must take. But the fawns gave no heed after the first alarm. They

felt the change; their ears were twitching nervously, and their eyes, which had not yet grown quick enough to measure distances and find their mother in her hiding, were full of strange terror as they questioned mine. Still, under the alarm, they felt the kindness which the poor mother, dog-driven and waylaid by guns, had never known. And they stayed, with a deep wisdom beyond all her cunning, where they knew they were safe.

I led them slowly back to their hiding place, gave them a last lick at my hands, and pushed them gently under the hemlock curtain. When they tried to come out I pushed them back again. "Stay there, and mind your mother; stay there, and follow your mother," I kept whispering. And to this day I have a half belief that they understood, not the words but the feeling behind it; for they grew quiet after a time and looked out with wide-open, wondering eyes. Then I dodged

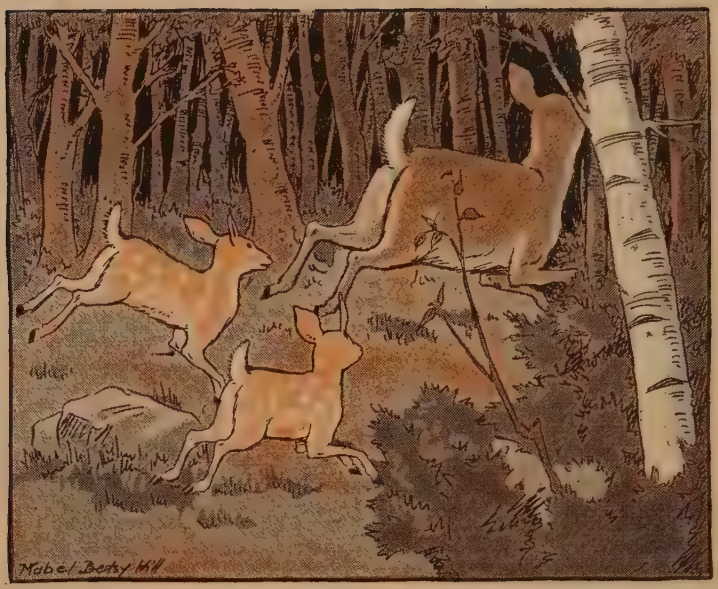
out of sight, jumped the fallen log, to throw them off the scent should they come out, crossed the brook, and glided out of sight into the underbrush. Once safely out of hearing, I headed straight for the open, a few yards away, where the blasted white stems of the burned hillside showed through the green of the big woods, and climbed, and looked, and changed my position, till I could see the fallen tree under whose roots my little innocents were hiding.

IV

The hoarse danger cry had ceased; the woods were still again. A movement in the underbrush, and I saw the doe glide out beyond the brook and stand looking, listening. She bleated softly; the hemlock curtain was thrust aside, and the little ones came out. At sight of them she leaped forward, a great gladness showing eloquently in every line of her graceful body, rushed up to them, dropped

her head and ran her keen nose over them, ears to tail and down their sides and back again, to be sure, and sure again, that they were her own little ones and were not harmed. All the while the fawns nestled close to her, as they had done a moment before to me, and lifted their heads to touch her sides with their noses, and ask in their own dumb way what it was all about, and why she had run away.

Then, as the smell of the man came to her from the tainted underbrush, the absolute necessity of teaching them their neglected second lesson, before another danger should find them, swept over her in a flood. She sprang aside with a great bound, and the hoarse *K-a-a-a-h! k-a-a-a-h!* crashed through the woods again. Her tail was straight up, the white flag showing like a beacon light as she jumped away. Behind her the fawns stood startled a moment, trembling



with a new wonder. Then their flags went up, too, and they wabbled away on slender legs through the tangles and over the rough places of the wood, bravely following their leader. And I, watching from my hiding, with a vague regret that they could never again be mine, not even for a moment, saw only the crinkling lines of underbrush and here and there the flash of a little white

flag. So they went up the hill and out of sight.

First, lie still; and second, follow the white flag. When I saw them again it needed no danger cry of the mother to remind them of those two things that every fawn must know who will live to grow up in the big woods.

—*William J. Long*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Without referring to the story again, can you answer the first three questions?

1. Make a list of the reasons why the fawns were unafraid of the author.
2. Tell how the cracking of a twig by a bear differs from the sound of a twig broken by a deer.
3. What two lessons do little fawns have to learn for their own good?
4. Paragraph three is a complete thought unit. Tell how the author discovered the two fawns in their little house.
5. Select the paragraphs of the story which tell what happened when the mother deer returned.

HOW FORKED LIGHTNING BECAME CHIEF

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

naught: nothing.
cower: to stoop, to quail.
counsel: advice.
council: assembly, meeting.
ascertain: to find out.
rents: openings.
superior: greater.
poise: balance.
agile: active, quick.

BEFORE YOU READ THE STORY

Today we choose our own guides or leaders in our city, state and national affairs. The Indians likewise choose their chief or leader. This is the story of a contest between two Indians to determine who should be chief.

Here are also some splendid suggestions for *you* in winning any game or contest. See if you can find them.

AS YOU READ THE STORY

Look for the following points:

1. Three qualities which Indians admired most in a chief.
2. The four tests which the Indians were to take.
3. The chief's decision.

I

When the old chief of the Moccasin tribe of Indians died, he left no heir.

"We must now choose a new chief," said the men of the tribe in council.

"Give us an old man!" said Bald Eagle, who long had wished to be chief.

"Give us a young man!" said Red Fox, who had dreamed every night since the old chief died that he had been made leader of the tribe.

"The old man has wisdom with him!" said Bald Eagle; "the young man has to learn it."

"Old age forgets wisdom. Old age hesitates!" said Red Fox, quoting sayings of his tribe. "Youth hopes all things. Youth fears naught. The greatest wisdom is with the bravest."

"Then the greatest wisdom is with Bald Eagle!" said the old man.

"Not greater than with Red Fox!" said the young man.

"Who ever saw Bald Eagle cower in battle?" asked the old man.

"Who ever saw the look of fear on the face of Red Fox?" asked the young man.

"Bald Eagle has sixty scalps hanging in his wigwam!" said the old man.

"And he has been here sixty years. Red Fox has been here only thirty years, and he also has a scalp for every year of his life!" argued the young man.

And then there came a pause.

"Give us Forked Lightning for our chief!" said a voice in the council. "'Not a braver man have I in battle,' used to say our old chief, recounting the deeds of Forked Lightning; 'not a braver or a wiser!' he often said."

"Give us Red Fox!" cried another voice. "He is brave and strong. He is our noblest warrior."

"Give us Forked Lightning!" cried one voice, and then another. "Give us Forked Lightning; and then our old chief in his grave will rule us with his counsel still."

"If we all be equal, then, in valor and in wisdom," said Red Fox, stepping out before the council, "give us him who is our highest leaper, who is our strongest and most active wrestler, who shoots the straightest with the bow and arrow!"

"Have we a higher leaper than Forked Lightning, or a stronger and more active

wrestler, or one who shoots straighter with the bow and arrow?" asked a friend of Forked Lightning.

"Perhaps so; perhaps not. We can ascertain tomorrow!" answered Red Fox.

Then the council adjourned, and word went throughout the village and other villages that on the morrow Red Fox and Forked Lightning would contest to determine who should be the chieftain of his tribe.

By sunrise a great crowd was in the village from far and near to witness the contest.

"Eat with us beside our wigwams, then smoke with us, and be our guests till the contest is ended," said the men of the village, welcoming the visitors.

And they sat down beside the wigwams and ate, and then they smoked and told tales of their tribes, or guessed as to whether Red Fox or Forked Lightning would win in the contests; and

the maidens peeped through rents in the wigwams at the young men who had come to the village.

The council selected a chief of a neighboring tribe to conduct the contests and decide the winner.

At the appointed time this big chief moved to a long, broad level by the grove back of the village, followed by all the men and boys. Red Fox and Forked Lightning were in their gayest costumes, and each was surrounded by his friends.

II

When the grove was reached, the spectators arranged themselves to witness the contests.

"Red Fox and Forked Lightning, stand forth!" demanded the chieftain who was umpire.

Red Fox and Forked Lightning stood forth.

"The one of you who to-day," began

the stern chief, "shall show himself the higher leaper, the stronger and more active wrestler, the more skilful with the bow and arrow, and the swifter runner, or who shall show himself superior in any three of these, that one, whichever he may be, shall be chieftain of his tribe, unless it should be that one of you should show himself today to be what neither of you has shown himself to be hitherto — wiser and braver than the other. He who is the wiser and the braver shall be chieftain, whoever may be swifter, or stronger and more active, or higher in leaping, or more skilful with the bow and arrow."

And all the men wondered why this chief, a man known far and wide for his wisdom, should talk about wisdom and bravery in such contests as these, and thought within themselves that he was not so wise as they had heard. But they said nothing, only thought.

"Come here," said the chief, speaking to Big Cloud and Black Hawk, Indians from other tribes. "Poise this stick on the tips of your fingers, chin-high."

The stick was poised.

"Red Fox" commanded the chief.

Red Fox cleared the stick with a beautiful leap.

"Forked Lightning!"

Forked Lightning rose high above the stick, descending in a graceful curve.

"Eye-high!"

The stick rose eye-high.

"Red Fox!"

Red Fox cleared the stick again.

"Forked Lightning!"

Forked Lightning again rose over the stick.

"Above your heads!" ordered the chief.

Up rose the stick high in the air, and all the Indians rose in anxiety.

"Red Fox!"

In an instant from far back among

the trees, like a thing flying in the air, came Red Fox, and like a thing flying in the air he rose and described a beautiful semi-circle over the stick.

A great shout rent the air. "I have never seen a leap so high!" said some.

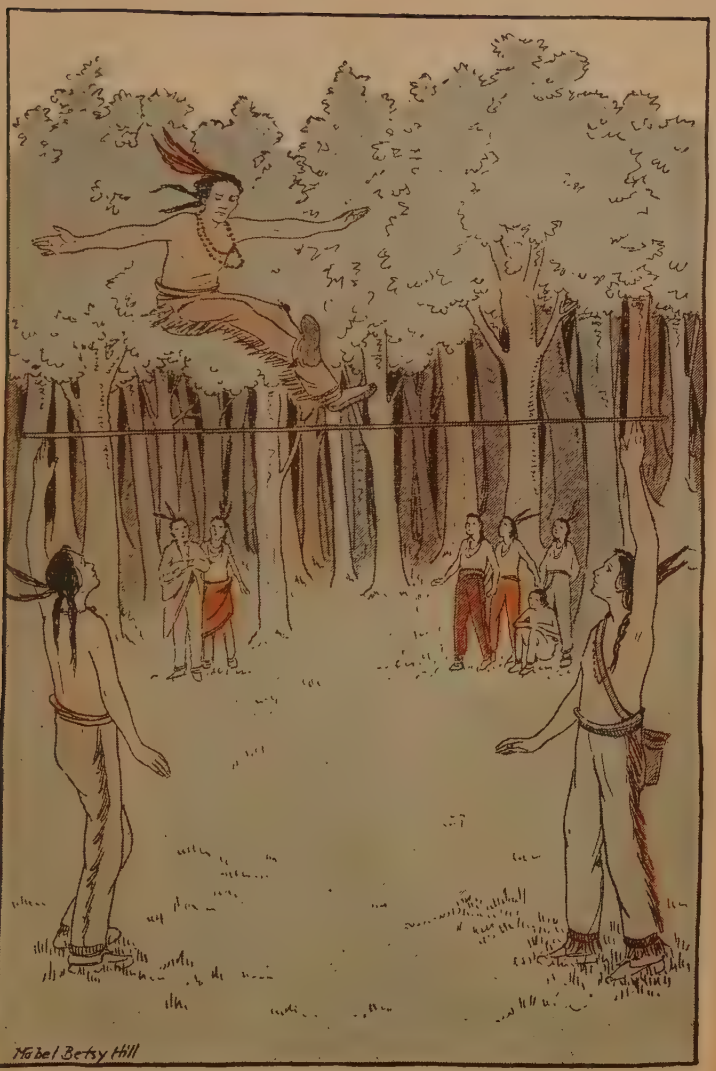
"Forked Lightning!"

From far back among the trees came Forked Lightning, every nerve strained, and determination in his whole face. High rose he in the air, but the soles of his moccasins touched the stick and it fell rattling to the ground.

"Won by Red Fox!" announced the grim chief; and a mighty shout rose from the friends of the winner.

"We shall now determine who is the better wrestler," said the chief.

"Red Fox is older and heavier than Forked Lightning, and it is not fair that they should wrestle unless they are of the same age and weight!" said the friends of Forked Lightning, and hotly



Like a thing flying in the air came Red Fox.

they argued with the friends of Red Fox; but Forked Lightning took no note of what his friends were saying, and while they were arguing, he stripped himself for the wrestling bout.

Long he and Red Fox wrestled. Red Fox was the stronger, but Forked Lightning was the more agile, and often his friends thought he was going to win; but finally Red Fox massed his strength, and with a mighty effort pressed Forked Lightning to the earth.

"Won by Red Fox!" announced the chief, and a loud shout rose again from the friends of the winner.

"We shall now decide who has the more skill with the bow and arrow!" rang out the voice of the chieftain.

"Red Fox is older and has had more practice with the bow and arrow than Forked Lightning, and it is not fair that they should be matched in such a contest!" said the friends of Forked

Lightning; and they and the friends of Red Fox disputed long; but Forked Lightning took no notè of what his friends were saying, and while they were arguing he came forth with his bow and quiver, saying he was ready for the match.

Far out among the trees on the breast of a mighty oak they placed the target.

Straight to the center of the target flew the arrow from the bow of Red Fox.

Straight to the center of the target flew the arrow of Forked Lightning. Straight again to the center of the target flew the arrow from the bow of Red Fox.

Away flew the arrow from the bow of Forked Lightning, but it entered the center at an angle.

"Red Fox has won!" cried the big chieftain; and loud rose the shouts from the friends of the winner. "Red Fox is our chief! Red Fox is our chief!" they shouted, and sent runners to announce it in the village.

"Next is the contest in running," said the chief.

"There is no need of a contest in running!" said the friends of Red Fox. "Red Fox has already won in three contests!"

"Now comes the contest in running,"

announced the chief, taking no notice of what was said to him.

"There is no need of a contest in running," spoke up Red Fox. "Red Fox has won in three contests, and by the conditions is already chief."

"Red Fox is afraid to run," said the friends of Forked Lightning. "A swifter runner than Forked Lightning has not been born in our tribe."

"Now comes the contest in running!" exclaimed the umpire again, not heeding what was said by others.

"Red Fox will not run! Red Fox has already won! Red Fox is already chief!" spoke out Red Fox, in a tone of anger. "There is no need of a contest by running."

"Red Fox is right," said the stern chief. "There is no need of a contest by running."

All the Indians gathered together to hear the umpire pronounce Red Fox

the winner.

"Whoever should win in all or three of these contests," he began quietly, "should be made chief unless the other should show himself wiser and braver! Red Fox has honestly won in three of the contests, and might have won in the fourth had he not been afraid of defeat. Forked Lightning refused to enter no contest, although in all, unless it was the fourth, he knew the chances were against him. He did the best he could in each contest, willing to risk defeat for the chance of victory. This is true wisdom and bravery. He who is not willing to bear defeat is the greatest of cowards, and has neither the wisdom nor the bravery that should be in the heart of a chieftain. Forked Lightning, therefore, I declare the winner and henceforth the chieftain of his tribe."

Then there was a great silence, for the umpire had uttered a new thing, and

they were thinking whether he was right. Long they stood with their heads bowed.

"The big chieftain is right," they began saying presently to each other. "The umpire was right!" they repeated on their way to the village. "The umpire was right! Forked Lightning should be our chief!"

—*Henry Wood Fugate*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Without reading the story again, can you discuss the first five questions?

1. List the four tests which Red Fox and Forked Lightning were to take.
2. Which one never occurred? Why?
3. Which Indian do you think would make the best leader? Why?
4. Why was the wrestling contest an unfair one?
5. Why was Forked Lightning finally chosen chief?
6. Select that part of the story which describes the leaping contest.

THE STORY OF RUTH

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

filial: becoming to a child.
genuine: real, pure.
irony: mockery.
fatigue: toil, weariness.
avail: use, value.
plateau: broad, level area of ground.
sentinels: guards.
sheaves: bundles of grain.
gleaning: gathering.
dulcimer: a musical instrument having stretched wires to be beaten with light hammers.

BEFORE YOU READ THE STORY

The first paragraph of this story will give you the time, the place and the principal characters about whom you are to read. It really forms the "setting" or perhaps the "introduction" to the story.

As you read the selection you will learn how Ruth's great opportunity came as she was performing the duties of each day, cheerfully, as best she could.

This story is written from the book of the Bible called "Ruth."

AS YOU READ THE STORY

Watch carefully for the following points:

1. Descriptions of the distant view from the high plateau.
2. Ruth's answer to Naomi's suggestion that she return to her old home.
3. Ruth's meeting with Boaz.

I

Far, far back in the misty past, in the early morning of civilization when the world was still young, lived a woman whose name has come to stand for filial love and devotion — Ruth. She was born of poor laboring people in the country of Moab, a country hated and despised by the Israelites. Yet so great were her virtues that in the end she became the founder of the royal house of Israel and the great-grandmother of King David.

Naomi had left Bethlehem with her husband and two sons during a time of famine, and had come into the land of Moab. There her husband had died and her sons had married girls of the country, Ruth and Orpah. But Naomi was to be sorely tried for both her sons quickly followed their father to the grave and left her alone with her daughters-in-law. Then Naomi, learning from a

kinsman in the land of Judah that there was a rich harvest there, decided to return from the land of Moab. But, though she loved Ruth and Orpah as if they were her own daughters, Naomi

felt that it would not be right for her to take them from their own country. She, therefore, told them that they were at liberty to return to their own homes and to take new husbands.

Orpah kissed Naomi goodbye, but Ruth refused to desert her old and lonely mother-in-law, saying, "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." In these words, as in all of Ruth's words, are seen her true and genuine love and her utter forgetfulness of self.

When Naomi and Ruth set forth on their journey to Judah, dawn was just breaking. The host of stars which had watched in the vast silence of the night were disappearing one by one, and the first faint beam of light had begun to streak the east with a rosy glow.

Never had Naomi felt the irony of life more sharply than on this morning when she trudged slowly and painfully along the road to Bethlehem,— sorrow and fatigue showing on her care-worn face. She was old, and the way of life had been lonely and sorrowful, for those that had set out with her were gone from her side, both her husband and her sons. Ruth, who had started out in a joyful spirit, noticed how sad Naomi was and tried to cheer her by singing bright snatches of song. But it was of little avail, and Ruth's only hope was that these signs of sorrow would vanish from Naomi's face when she should once again behold her native country and hear the voices of her kinsmen.

At last, footsore and weary, they came to a high plateau from which they could see the distant village of Bethlehem, nestling at the foot of the hills which were crowned with vines and olive

trees. It was early morning,— a deep peace brooded over the landscape as Naomi and Ruth began descending toward Bethlehem. Here and there they met shepherds, some of whom were standing like sentinels over their sheep, while others, tired of keeping guard, were curled up in their sheep skins asleep. Finally, the weary travelers found themselves approaching the village houses which were surrounded by date, palm and fig trees that seemed to enfold them in a fragrant and soothing coolness.

II

At the entrance to Bethlehem the keeper of the gate stopped them and, looking curiously at Naomi, said, "Daughter, art thou not Naomi, who left us when the famine was here?"

And piteously Naomi answered, "Call me not Naomi, call me Mara; for the Almighty hath dealt full bitterly with me."

The entire village was moved with pity for the stricken Naomi. They cheered and comforted her, reminding her that the Lord never deserts those who are in distress. And Naomi, ready to submit humbly to whatever might be God's will, settled down with Ruth in Bethlehem.

Now it was the glorious harvest time in the fields, and on every side the golden grain swayed joyfully in the breeze, and from far and near came shouts of merry laughter as the reapers swung their sickles. Small children played among the sheaves while their mothers and older sisters followed the reapers, gleaning the fallen grain and tying it into neat little bundles. Far in the rear of this fair harvest scene was the lordly Boaz, mounted upon a horse, watching the reapers work.

Ruth's spirit was aglow at the wonderful sight, and she was eager, as always, to do her share of the work.

"Let me go into the fields, dear mother, where the reapers reap the corn," she gaily entreated. "Let me glean among the sheaves as do the other women."

"Go, my daughter," said Naomi, "and gather the gleanings of the harvest which Boaz, a wealthy kinsman of ours, hath left for the poor and the stranger."

So Ruth went to the fields of Boaz and gleaned after the reapers, earnestly intent upon her humble task. And the lordly Boaz saw her standing in the midst of the waving grain, her dark hair falling in curls about her face and a flush upon her cheeks like the red of the poppies which grew among the corn. Then Boaz, asking his servant who she was, approached her, for he had heard of her loyalty to his kinswoman, Naomi.

"Go not from hence, my daughter, but glean among the sheaves," he said. "This field is mine, and all that the reapers leave behind, which thou wantest,

shall be thine."

But Ruth, looking up at him in a humble and artless manner, pointed to her worn and soiled garments and said in a trembling voice: "Why have I found favor, O my lord, in thine eyes? Why shouldst thou take notice of me, seeing I am a stranger, a despised Moabite?"

And Boaz, who now saw for himself the real nobility of Ruth's soul, replied in a gentle voice: "I know the goodly deeds thou hast done to my kinswoman, O my daughter."

Then Boaz went among the workers and told them to be kind to Ruth, and to help her as much as they could. He himself watched her at work, and became constantly more and more aware of Ruth's fine spirit, of her loyalty, her humility, her unselfishness.

When the harvest was finished, Ruth returned from her work in the fields for

good and all, for Boaz took her to be his wife. Mounted upon two splendid horses, amid the clash of cymbals, the melody of dulcimer and trumpet, and songs of praise and rejoicing, these two whom the Lord had joined together left the little town of Bethlehem.

—*Jane Alstine Heighway*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

How many of these questions can you answer without referring to your book?

1. Tell which of Naomi's daughters-in-law you believe more worthy of praise, and the reasons for your choice.

2. Do you think Orpah should be censured for leaving Naomi? Give your reasons.

3. Select that part of the story which most clearly shows Ruth's unselfishness.

AND Ruth said, "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

THE NAME OF OLD GLORY

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

blended: mixed.
rapturous: joyful.
conjoined: joined together.
christening: baptism.

BEFORE YOU READ THIS POEM

As you know, most Americans refer to our national flag as "Old Glory." Perhaps its "glorious" history is one reason for this title, and perhaps it is because it seems so "gloriously" beautiful flowing in the breeze, that we affectionately call it "Old Glory."

Before you read this poem, you must be sure you understand each reference, as, for example, "the long blended ranks of the gray and the blue." As you read the poem, you will feel that "Old Glory" does indeed speak to you, and because the flag means America, it will mean to you just what your country means.

AS YOU READ THE POEM

Look for the following points:

1. The definite question which is asked the flag in each stanza.
2. The flag's response to each question.
3. How the author felt when addressing "Old Glory."

I

Old Glory! say, who,
By the ships and the crew,
And the long blended ranks of the gray
and the blue,—

Who gave you, Old Glory, the name that
you bear
With such pride everywhere
As you cast yourself free to the raptur-
ous air,
And leap out full-length, as we're wanting
you to?—
Who gave you that name, with the ring
of the same,
And the honor and fame so becoming
to you?—
Your stripes stroked in ripples of white
and of red,
With your stars at their glittering best
overhead —
By day or by night
Their delightfulest light
Laughing down from their little square
heaven of blue! —
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?—
say, who —
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?

The old banner lifted, and faltering then
In vague lisps and whispers fell silent again.

II

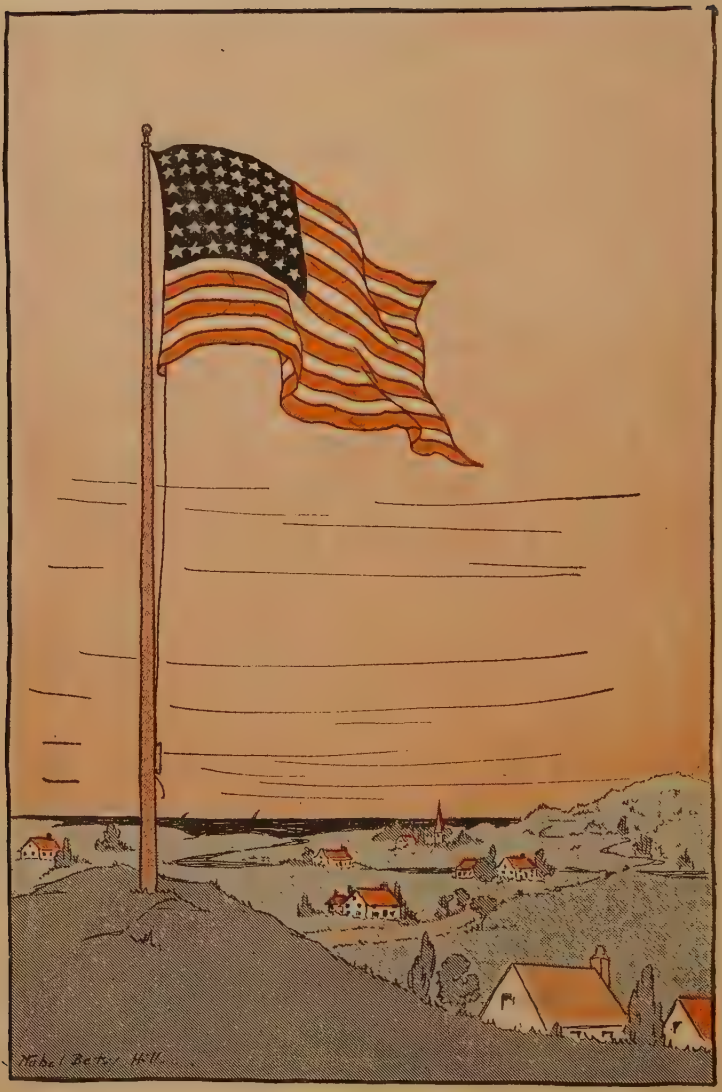
Old Glory,— speak out! — we are asking about
How you happened to "favor" a name, so to say,
That sounds so familiar and careless and gay
As we cheer it and shout in our wild breezy way —
We — the crowd, every man of us, calling you that —
We — Tom, Dick, and Harry — each swinging his hat
And hurrahing "Old Glory!" like you were our kin,
When — Lord! we all know we're as common as sin!
And yet it just seems like you humor us all
And waft us your thanks, as we hail you and fall

Into line, with you over us, waving us on
Where our glorified, sanctified betters
have gone.—
And this is the reason we're wanting to
know —
(And we're wanting it so! —
Where our own fathers went we are willing
to go.) —
Who gave you the name of Old Glory—Oho!
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?

The old flag unfurled with a billowy
thrill
For an instant, then wistfully sighed and
was still.

III

Old Glory: the story we're wanting to hear
Is what the plain facts of your christ-
ening were,—
For your name — just to hear it,
Repeat it, and cheer it, 's a tang to the
spirit
As salt as a tear; —



Old Glory.

And seeing you fly, and the boys marching by,
There's a shout in the throat and a blur in the eye
And an aching to live for you always — or die,
If, dying, we still keep you waving on high.
And so, by our love
For you, floating above,
And the scars of all wars and the sorrows thereof,
Who gave you the name of Old Glory, and why
Are we thrilled at the name of Old Glory?

Then the old banner leaped, like a sail in the blast,
And fluttered an audible answer at last.—

IV

And it spake, with a shake of the voice, and it said: —

"By the driven snow-white and the living blood-red
Of my bars, and their heaven of stars overhead —
By the symbol conjoined of them all, skyward cast,
As I float from the steeple, or flap at the mast,
Or droop o'er the sod where the long grasses nod,—
My name is as old as the glory of God . . . So I came by the name of Old Glory."

—James Whitcomb Riley

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Can you answer the first two questions fully without referring to the book?

1. List the questions asked the flag.

2. In your opinion, does the flag answer the questions asked it?

3. What is the flag doing in the first stanza?

4. In which stanza is there the suggestion of a parade passing?

5. Give in your own words "Old Glory's" final answer to the eager questioning.

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THE SWAN KNIGHT

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

pagan: heathen.
obeisance: bow.
sorcery: witchcraft.
suffused: overspread.
recant: to take back.

BEFORE YOU READ THE STORY

Of all the selections in this book, this story is probably the most fanciful. There is a great deal about it that is charmingly unreal, but many of these characters have the same feelings and do the same things that people in our world do today.

This legend has been set to music by Richard Wagner. Sometime you may hear the characters, dressed in beautiful costumes of the period, sing their different parts. You will sympathize with Elsa in her trouble, and be glad that Lohengrin was able to help her.

AS YOU READ THE STORY

Notice the following points:

1. The custom of determining justice through trial by combat, rather than trial by jury.
2. Elsa's promise to the Swan Knight.
3. The difference in dress, customs and ideas pictured in this story as compared with conditions in our own country.

I

It was summer in the duchy of Brabant. The air was warm and fragrant

with the odor of blossoming flowers. In the shade of a widespreading tree sat Elsa, the only daughter of the Duke of Brabant, who had died a short time before this story begins. She was the rightful owner of all the vast estates of the duchy, but in spite of this, her heart was heavy and full of sorrow, for her only brother, Godfrey, had suddenly and unaccountably disappeared.

Her guardian, Frederick of Telramund, had accused her of plotting her brother's death so that she might rule the duchy in her own way. This guardian was a wicked man, and his wife, the pagan princess Ortrud, was as evil as he. They had determined to possess the vast riches of Brabant and they were confident that with Godfrey gone, they could also devise some means of disposing of Elsa and then claim the duchy for themselves.

So on this beautiful morning long ago as Elsa sat sorrowing under the tree, her

thoughts were full of sadness, for she seemed indeed alone and friendless. Turning her sad eyes to the blue sky above, she prayed to the All-Father for strength and guidance. And as she prayed a wonderful vision met her gaze. The clouds rolled apart, the heavens opened and a knight, enveloped in dazzling brightness and glory, descended and stood before her. He was equipped in glittering armor, his golden horn hung lightly from his shoulder and by his side was a glistening sword. Drawing near to Elsa, he smiled upon her and said, "Be not afraid, for when your need is greatest, I will come to protect you."

Then he vanished and Elsa was alone in the forest, but at last tranquil and unafraid.

II

At this time Henry, king of all Germany, came to Brabant and found no duke to greet him, but instead he heard tales

of strife and discord. So he ordered his heralds to proclaim the king's presence, and they gathered the people from all the duchy to listen to the king's word.

"Hearken, my good people," began the king, "I came among you expecting to find peace and happiness, but instead I find that you live in discord and confusion. Therefore explain, Frederick of Telramund, the cause of this strife."

"Our thanks to thee, O King, that thou art here to listen to my story and to render judgment," began Frederick. "When the late duke was lying on his deathbed he intrusted to me his dearest treasures, Elsa and Godfrey, whom I have tenderly reared and devotedly loved. Measure then my grief, O King, when Elsa, returning from a walk in the greenwood with her brother, told me that he had strayed from her side. Not a trace of Godfrey could we find and at last when questioned, Elsa's pallor and falter-

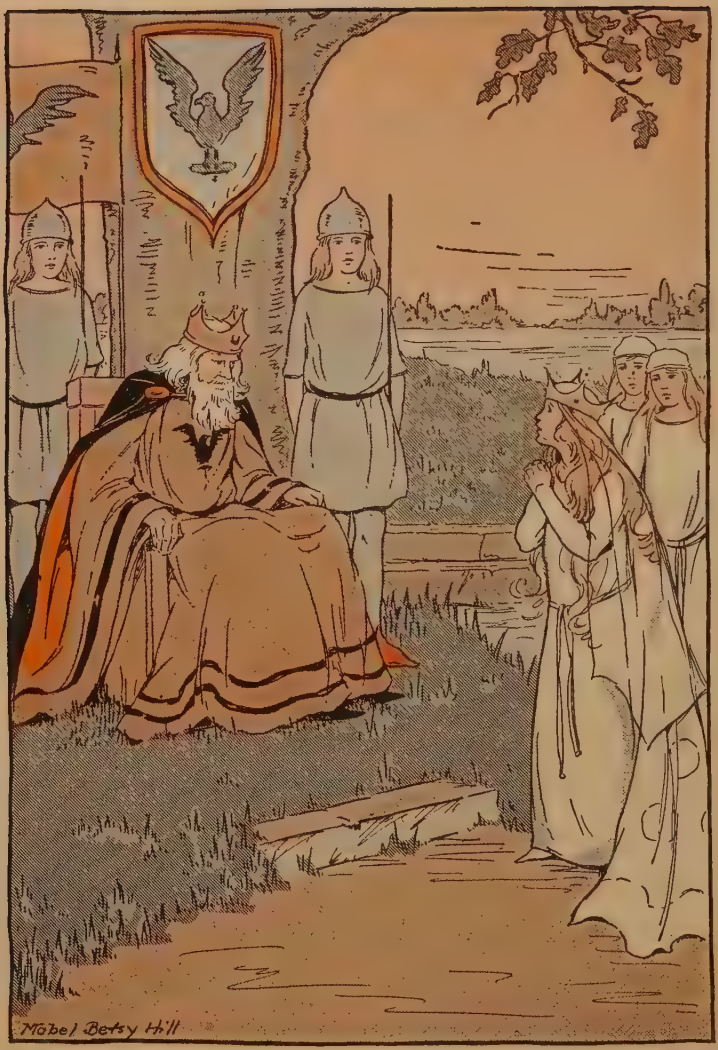
ing tongue betrayed her, and I knew the guilt was hers. This cruel deed she had done in order that she might claim the duchy for herself, or perhaps — a secret lover. Now, O King, as I am next of line, I pray thee, make me the Duke of Brabant."

The king made answer.

"A heavy accusation 'tis indeed,
A crime so fearful seems impossible.
Call the accused one here; the trial
shall proceed;
Heaven guide my judgment right."

And the king, nobles, and all the men of Brabant swore, as they drew their swords, never to wear them again 'til justice had been done. Then the herald summoned Elsa to appear.

Soon she came with her train of white-robed maidens. Her hair hung in clouds of gold about her. Advancing timidly toward the king, her pure, sweet eyes upon him, she halted and awaited his word.



"Come, Elsa, what would'st thou confide to me?" said the king.

"Art thou, then, Elsa of Brabant?"

She bowed her head.

"And dost thou recognize me as thy judge?"

She bowed again.

"I question further. Knowest thou the heavy charge against thee brought? Can'st thou answer thine accuser?"

Then Elsa shook her head.

"Thy guilt thou ownest, then?"

And Elsa made reply, "O, my hapless brother."

"Come Elsa, what would'st thou confide to me?" said the king.

Sorrowfully, then Elsa told of Godfrey's disappearance as he walked by her side through the greenwood. Trembling, she spoke of her sorrow. A dreamy look came upon her face as she told of that day in the woods alone with her deep grief and of her rest beneath the friendly tree. Then she told of her prayer to the All-Father for guidance, and of the noble

knight whose white armor had glittered in the sunlight; of his sword, his horn, and, last, of his promise.

"He shall be the defender of my cause!" she cried. "None other will I trust."

The king, the nobles, the knights, were startled, and Frederick of Telramund cried out, "I am not misled by her dreamy words. What further proof do you need when she speaks boldly of a secret lover?"

Now King Henry believed that God would surely give strength to the hands that fought for right, so he asked Frederick, "Art thou ready to fight to uphold the accusation thou hast brought against Elsa?" "Yes," answered Frederick.

Then the king, turning to Elsa, said, "Art thou willing to have thy champion fight for life or death to prove thee innocent?"

Elsa quickly answered, "Yes," and named the knight of her vision as her champion.

"I will have no other," she said. "He will come to defend me."

"Then give the summons," commanded the king.

The herald stepped forth with his trumpeters. Placing one to the east, one to the west, one to the north and one to the south, he ordered them to sound the trumpets.

"He who in sight of heaven comes here to fight
For Elsa of Brabant, step forth at once."

The sound of the trumpet fell on the clear air, but no response came to the herald's call.

"O King! once more let the trumpets blow!" implored Elsa, as she fell upon her knees at his feet.

The king answered graciously, "The summons shall be heard again."

Then the trumpets blew another blast, and again the herald shouted:

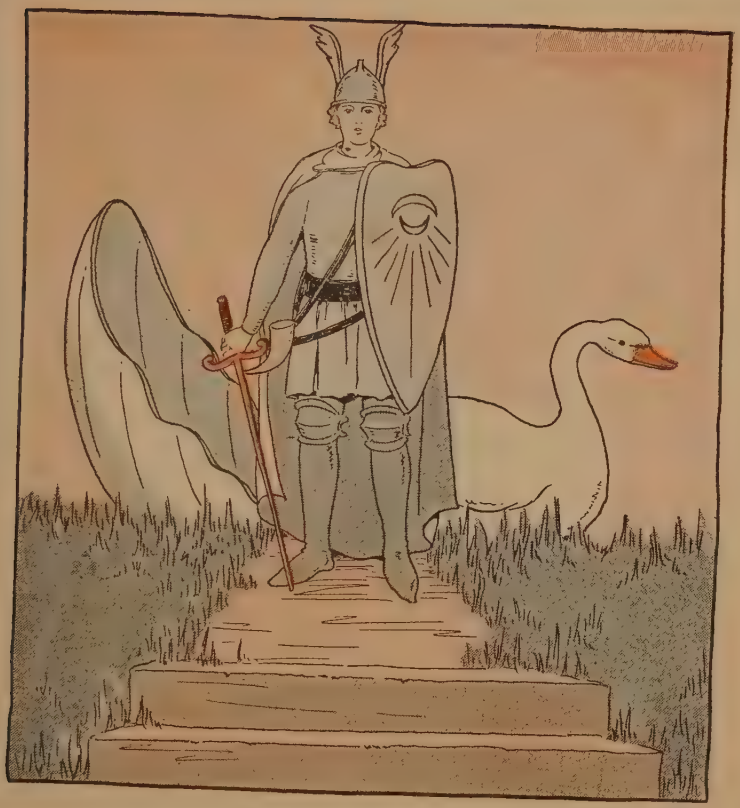
"He who in sight of heaven comes here to fight
For Elsa of Brabant, step forth at once."

The echoes died away and nothing was heard but the voice of Elsa in prayer.

"Thou gavest to him my supplication;
He came to me by thy decree,
Kind Heaven! oh, order now my champion
To lend his aid and set me free.
Even as I saw him once before,
Oh, let him now appear once more."

And as Elsa's voice ceased, a great shout rose on the river bank. The men and nobles cried aloud:

"See! There! Behold a wonder! See! A swan!
It draws a boat, and in it is a man.
Yes, see him! There he stands, a gallant knight;
My eyes he blinds, his armor is so bright.



See! He approaches! With a chain
of gold
The swan would bring him here.
Behold! Behold!"

As the swan reached the bank, a knight in glittering armor stepped upon the

shore. He leaned upon his sword, a helmet was on his head, a shield on his shoulder and a golden horn at his side.

As Elsa saw him she uttered a wild cry of joy. The king and nobles and the men of Brabant gazed in wonder at the boat, the swan and the heaven-appointed knight. But terror looked from the eyes of Frederick and Ortrud as they beheld the knight and the swan.

The knight then looked lovingly at his swan, bade it depart and said:

"I give thee thanks, my faithful swan!
Turn thee again and breast the tide,
Return unto the land of dawn
Where joyous we did long abide.
Well thy appointed task is done!
Farewell! Farewell! My trusty swan!"

He watched the swan as it glided slowly down the river and out of sight. Then the knight advanced and stood

before the king. Making a low obeisance he said,

"Hail, Royal Henry! to thy sword
May gracious heaven accord its aid!
Renowned and great thy name shall be,
And never from this earth shall fade."

Turning to the people, he cried,

"Ye knights, nobles and freemen of this land,
Guiltless and true is Elsa of Brabant!
Thy tale was falsehood, Count Telramund,
By heaven's assistance all thou shalt recant."

Looking at Elsa he continued,

"Elsa, speak! If me they choose
To be thy champion — wilt refuse,
Free from all sense of fear or pride
To me thy safety to confide?"

And Elsa made answer,

"My knight, my champion as I live
All, all, I freely to thee give."

Again the knight questioned,

"If in fight I prove victorious,
Elsa, wilt thou become my wife?"

And Elsa again replied,

"My knight, my champion, as I live,
Freely to thee my life I give."

Then the knight solemnly told her that if he became her husband, one promise she must make and keep—never to ask his rank or name, or from whence he came.

It seemed very easy for Elsa to promise this, so she quickly answered, "These questions never will I ask."

But the Swan Knight was very earnest and solemnly repeated his request.

"Mark, Elsa, thou must not deceive me.
These questions ask me never,
Nor think upon them ever,
From whence I hither came—
What is my rank or name."

And Elsa again solemnly promised to obey and honor his command.

Then King Henry arranged the combat. Three men of Brabant were chosen for Frederick and three Saxons advanced for the Swan Knight. With solemn steps they measured the ground and marked it with three spaces.

Then the king, the nobles and the freemen all cried,

"Oh, let the arm of right be strong,
And feeble be the arm of wrong,
Oh, help us now in our distress,
Our wisdom is but foolishness."

The herald then gave a signal and the trumpets sounded for the combat. After several violent passages the knight struck Frederick to the ground, and, turning to the people, he cried,

"Now hear! To all assembled be it known
That Elsa of Brabant from guilt is free!
By heaven's own judgment has the truth been shown."

Then the king, the nobles and the freemen took again their swords. The king banished Frederick in the presence of them all, and the people cried "Hail! Hail! Hail!" as they bore Elsa and her Swan Knight from the field.

III

It was evening and night had set her silver lamps in the sky. Within the palace all was still, but outside in the dusky shadows, Frederick of Telramund and Ortrud, his wife, were quarreling over the misfortunes that had overtaken them, and were plotting how they might despoil the happiness of Elsa and the Swan Knight.

At last Ortrud said, "Be not cast down Frederick, my sorcery will come to our aid. Who is this Swan Knight? Did he not come here by magic? Then, by magic he shall be made to return. I will sow suspicion in Elsa's mind and she

will ask his name. If he is compelled to reveal his name and station, his magic power will cease and he will be obliged to return to the land from whence he came."

Morning dawned and Elsa came singing to the balcony overlooking the path where Frederick and Ortrud lurked. As Elsa sang the song of her wedding morn, Ortrud came stealing to the balcony, crying for pity and mercy, and Elsa in the kindness of her heart invited her to the palace to help in the wedding preparations.

Very soon, Ortrud began to sow her seeds of suspicion by questioning Elsa. "The knight is a stranger here, dost know his name? Canst say his name is without stain? Is he of noble race? To what land will he return when he leaves thee? Dost thou not dare to question him?"

Elsa's heart was troubled. "I will trust him, I will remember my promise and

never ask his name"; she kept repeating to herself.

Soon the wedding preparations were completed. The heralds and the trumpeters appeared and the royal summons sounded.

Then from the balcony of the palace came Elsa with her train of fair maidens. Her white gown fell in heavy folds about her and a wreath of pure white blossoms crowned her fair brow. Joy shone from her eyes as she approached the cathedral steps.

Then the king appeared with his nobles and following them came the Swan Knight. With a proud step he took his place by Elsa's side and, led by the king, the procession advanced to the cathedral.

IV

The wedding festival was over and the bride and bridegroom, led by the king, nobles and ladies, returned to the palace

over a flower-strewn path. There, the ladies and the nobles sang their blessing:

"May Heaven watch o'er ye ever,
And happy be your lot!
Oh, may this hour be never
Through days of joy forgot!"

Then the king embraced Elsa and her knight; the pages sounded the signal for departure, and Elsa and the Swan Knight were alone.

Very soon, as the knight called her by name, Ortrud's suspicious questions came to Elsa's mind.

"I can not call thee by name," she said, "wilt thou not sometime tell me?"

The knight tried to stop her questions, but Elsa cried aloud, "Declare thy name at once. Whence dost thou come? Where is thy home?"

"Ah me! what hast thou done?" cried the knight. "Prepare to leave me and appear before the king, for on the morrow I must publicly declare my name and

station and then return to the land from whence I came."

So he left Elsa in her bridal robes, sadness and repentance in her heart that she had not kept her promise.

The next day King Henry sat by the river bank, under a great oak as was his custom. Before him were assembled all the forces of Brabant and they all cried, "Hail! Hail! King Henry, hail!"

Advancing slowly toward them, with downcast eyes, came Elsa with her train of maidens. The king stepped quickly toward her.

"Whence comes that heavy, mournful look?" he asked.

But before Elsa could answer, a shout arose. "Hail! The hero of Brabant."

And the Swan Knight approached. He was equipped in glittering armor, his golden horn hung lightly from his shoulder and by his side was a glistening sword. He advanced and stood before the king.

A holy light suffused his face and his eyes seemed to be gazing into the distance beyond the winding river as he began to speak.

"A wily tempter came and sowed suspicion in the mind of Elsa. Forgetting her sacred promise, she enquired my name and now before you all, I will tell my name and station.

"On distant shores which you will visit never, rises Montsalvant as on a throne. There stands a temple, which is bright forever. In it, upon a mystic shrine rests the sacred cup called the Holy Grail. Once a year a pure white dove descends from heaven to renew the magic power of this Grail. The cup is guarded by chosen knights and by its strength they are made pure and kept from harm. Whenever a wrong needs righting, whenever an innocent one calls for a champion, a knight is chosen for the quest. He is given magic power and this power endures

until he is required to tell his name and station. If once these things are revealed, the magic power departs and the knight must return to the Temple of the Holy Grail."

Then, like a strain of music the sweet voice of the Swan Knight fell on their ears:

"Sent hither by the Holy Grail, I came,
My father Percival, a crown he weareth,
His knight am I, and Lohengrin my name!"

Elsa listened in sadness and sobbed, "Would I had kept my promise." And gazing down the river she cried, "The swan, I see the swan again!"

And down the river came the swan and the glittering boat. As Lohengrin saw the swan, he returned mournfully to Elsa, gave her his sword, his horn and his ring, saying, "Give these to Godfrey should he return.

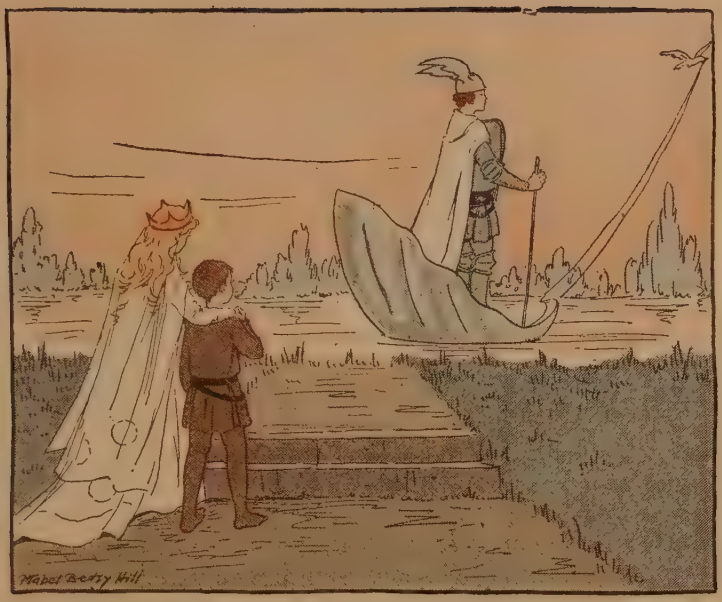
His arm will conquer when the sword he raises;
The horn will aid him in the hour of need.
As for the ring, whenever on it he gazes,
He'll think on one who thee from danger freed.
Farewell—farewell—I must away!
Farewell—the Grail forbids my stay!"

Suddenly the evil Ortrud appeared on the river bank. Ha! ha! It is Godfrey!" she cried. "My sorcery changed him to a swan and a swan he shall remain."

Lohengrin was about to enter the boat, but hearing the voice he listened a moment; then, as he knelt in prayer a white dove fluttered over the boat. The knight arose enraptured and took the chain by which the boat was drawn from the swan's neck. The swan sank, and in its place, appeared Godfrey, Elsa's brother. Turning to Elsa he placed her brother's hand

in hers and said:

"Accept the boon which heaven doth grant—
Godfrey, the ruler of Brabant!"



Then he sprang into the boat. Supported by her brother, Elsa watched the Swan Knight, Lohengrin, as, drawn by the dove, the boat slowly glided down the winding river, around the curve and out of mortal sight forever.

—From the opera "Lohengrin"

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Can you answer the first three questions without referring to your book?

1. List the promises Elsa made the Swan Knight before he fought in her behalf.
2. Which promise did Elsa break?
3. In which part of the story were you most interested? Why?
4. The third paragraph of Part Two is a complete thought unit. Read it silently and be able to tell it in your own words.

•

LET me go where'er I will, I hear a sky-born music still. It is not only in the rose, It is not only in the bird, Not only where the rainbow glows, Nor in the song of woman heard; But in the darkest, meanest things—There always, always something sings. —RALPH WALDO EMERSON

CORBIE

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

trinket: trifle, toy.
glistening: shining.
sprawling: struggling.
mumbling: muttering.
teetering: seesawing.
prowling: plundering, preying.
ramble: excursion, stroll.
croon: hum, murmur.
strutted: walked with proud gait.
forceps: a pair of pincers.
rollicking: swaggering.
moulting: shedding feathers.

BEFORE YOU READ THE STORY

As you grow older, you will undoubtedly study about birds — their coloring, their food, and their peculiar habits. In this story about "Corbie," you will get much definite information about one bird, both in its wild state and after being tamed as a household pet.

This story is told in an interesting way. Corbie might almost be human, so fully are we told about his family, and so plainly are his little personal characteristics described.

AS YOU READ THE STORY

Give particular attention to the following points:

1. All the material you can find which gives accurate information about the food and habits of crows.
2. The description of Corbie's "Happy Dance."
3. The various ways Corbie could use his beak.
4. The way in which Corbie's friends treated him.

I

Corbie's great-great-grandfather ruled a large flock from his look-out throne on

a tall pine stump, where he could see far and wide, and judge for his people where they should feed and when they should fly.

His great-grandfather was famous for his collection of old china and other rare treasures, having lived in the woods near the town dump, where he picked up many a bright trinket, chief among which was an old gold-plated watch-chain, which he kept hidden in a doll's red tea-cup when he was not using it.

His grandfather was a handsome fellow, so glistening that he looked rather purple when he walked in the sunshine and he had a voice so sweet and mellow that any minstrel might have been proud of it, though he seldom sang, and it is possible that no one but Corbie's grandmother heard it at its best. He was, moreover, a merry soul, fond of a joke, and always ready to dance a jig, with a chuckle, when anything very funny hap-

pened in crowdom.

As for the wisdom and beauty of his grandmothers all the way back, there is so much to be said that, if I once began to tell about them, there would be no space left for the story of Corbie himself.

Of course, coming from a family like that, Corbie was sure to be remarkable; for there is no doubt at all that we inherit many traits of our ancestors.

Corbie knew very little about his own father and mother, for he was adopted into a white family when he was ten days old, and a baby at that age does not remember much.

Although he was too young to realize it, those first ten days after he had come out of his shell, and those before that, while he was growing inside his shell, were in some ways the most important of his life, for it was then he needed the most tender and skilful care. Well, he had it; for the gentleness and

skill of Father and Mother Crow left nothing to be desired. They had built the best possible nest for their needs by placing strong sticks criss-cross high up in an old pine tree. For a lining they had stripped soft stringy bark from a wild grape-vine, and had finished off with a bit of still softer dried grass.

In this Mother Crow had laid her five bluish-green eggs marked with brown; and she and Father Crow had shared, turn and turn about, the long task of keeping their babies inside those beautiful shells warm enough so that they could grow.

And grow they did, into five as homely little objects as ever broke their way out of good-looking eggshells.

There was no down on their bodies to make them fluffy and pretty like Peter Piper's children. They were just sprawling little bits of crow-life, so helpless that it would have been quite pitiful

if they had not had a good patient mother and a father who seemed never to get tired of hunting for food.

Now, it takes a very great deal of food for five young crows, because each one on some days will eat more than half his own weight and beg for more. Dear, dear! how they did beg! Every time either Father or Mother Crow came back to the nest, those five beaks would open so wide that the babies seemed to be yawning way down to the end of their red throats. Oh, the food that got stuffed into them! Good and nourishing, every bit of it; for a proper diet is as important to a bird baby as to a human one. Juicy caterpillars — a lot of them; enough to eat up a whole berry-patch if the crows hadn't found them; nutty flavored grasshoppers — a lot of them, too; so many, in fact that it looked very much as if crows were the reason the grasshoppers were so nearly

wiped out that year that they didn't have a chance to trouble the farmer's crops; and now and then a dainty egg was served them in the most tempting crow-fashion, that is, right from the beak of the parent.

For, as you no doubt have heard, a crow thinks no more of helping himself to an egg of a wild bird than we do of visiting the nests of tame birds, such as hens and geese and turkeys, and taking the eggs they lay. Of course, it would not occur to a crow that he didn't have a perfect right to take such food for himself and his young as he could find in his day's hunting. Indeed, it is not unlikely that, if a crow did any real thinking about the matter, he might decide that robins and meadow-larks were his chickens anyway. So what the other birds would better do about it is to hide their nests as well as ever they can, and be quiet when they come and go.

II

That is the way Father and Mother Crow did, themselves, when they built their home where the pine boughs hid it from climbers below and from fliers above. And, though you might hardly believe it of a crow, they were still as mice whenever they came near it, alighting first on trees close by, and slipping up carefully between the branches, to be sure that no enemy was following their movements. Then they would greet their babies with a comforting low "*Caw*," which seemed to mean, "Never fear, little ones, we've brought you a very good treat." Yes, they were shy, those old crows, when they were near their home, and very quiet they kept their affairs until their young got into the habit of yelling, "*Kah, kah, kah*," at the top of their voices whenever they were hungry, and of mumbling loudly, "*Gubble-gubble-gubble*," whenever they were eating.

After that time comes, there is very little quiet within the home of a crow; and all the world about may guess, without being a bit clever, where the nest is. A good thing it is for the noisy youngsters that by that time they are so large that it does not matter quite so much.

But it was before the "kah-and-gubble" habit had much more than begun that Corbie was adopted; and the nestlings were really as still as could be when the father of the Brown-eyed Boy and the Blue-eyed Girl climbed way, way, way up that big tree and looked into the round little room up there. There was no furniture — none at all. Just one bare nursery, in which five babies were staying day and night. Yet it was a tidy room, fresh and sweet enough for anybody to live in; for a crow, young or old, is a clean sort of person.

The father of the Brown-eyed Boy and

the Blue-eyed Girl looked over the five homely, floundering little birds, and, choosing Corbie, put him into his hat and climbed down with him. He was a nimble sort of father, or he never could have done it, so tall a tree it was, with no branches near the ground.

Corbie, even at ten days old, was not like the spry children of Peter Piper, who could run about at one day old, all ready for picnics and teetering along the shore. No, indeed! He was almost as helpless and quite as floppy as a human baby, and he needed as good care, too. He needed warmth enough and food enough and a clean nest to live in; and he needed to be kept safe from such prowling animals as will eat young birds, and from other enemies. All these things his father and mother had looked out for.

Now little Corbie was kidnaped — taken away from his home and the loving and patient care of his parents.

But you need not be sorry for Corbie — not very. For the Brown-eyed Boy and the Blue-eyed Girl adopted the little chap, and gave him food enough and warmth enough and a chance to keep his new nest clean; and they did it all with love and patience, too.

Corbie kept them busy, for they were quick to learn that, when he opened his beak and said, "*Kah*," it was meal-time, even if he had had luncheon only ten minutes before. His throat was very red and very hollow, and seemed ready to swallow no end of fresh raw egg and bits of raw beef and earthworms and bread soaked in milk. Not that he had to have much at a time, but he needed so very many meals a day. It was fun to feed the little fellow, because he grew so fast and because he was so comical when he called, "*Kah*."

It was not long before his body looked as if he had a crop of paint-brushes

growing all over it; for a feather, when it first comes, is protected by a little case, and the end of the feather, which sticks out of the tip of the case, does look very much like the soft hairs at the end of a paint-brush, the kind that has a hollow quill stem, you know. After they were once started, dear me, how those feathers grew! It seemed no time at all before they covered up the ear-holes in the side of his head, and no time at all before a little bristle fringe grew down over the nose-holes in his long horny beak.

He was nearly twenty days old before he could stand up on his toes like a grown-up crow. Before that, when he stood up in his nest and "kahed" for food, he stood on his whole foot way back to the heel, which looks like a knee, only it bends the wrong way. When he was about three weeks old, however, he began standing way up on his toes, and stretch-

ing his leg till his heels came up straight. Then he would flap his wings and exercise them, too.

Of course, you can guess what that meant. It meant — yes, it meant that Corbie was getting ready to leave his nest; and before the Brown-eyed Boy and the Blue-eyed Girl really knew what was happening Corbie went for his first ramble. He stepped out of his nest-box, which had been placed on top of a flat, low shed, and strolled up the steep roof of the wood shed which was within reach. There he stood on the ridge-pole, the little tike, and yelled, "*Caw*," in almost a grown-up way, as if he felt proud and happy. Perhaps he did for a while. It really was a trip to be proud of for one's very first walk in the world.

But the exercise made him hungry, and he soon yelled, "*Kah!*" in a tone that meant, "Bring me my luncheon this

minute or I'll beg till you do."

The Brown-eyed Boy took a dish of bread and milk to the edge of the roof, where the nest-box had been placed, and the Blue-eyed Girl called, "Come and get it, Corbie."

Not Corbie! He had always had his meals brought to him. He liked service, that crow. And besides, maybe he couldn't walk down the roof it had

been so easy to run up. Anyway, his voice began to sound as if he were scared as well as hungry, and later as if he were more scared than hungry.

Now it stood to reason that Corbie's meals could not be served him every fifteen minutes on the ridge-pole of a steep roof. So the long ladder had to be brought out, and the crow carried to the ground and advised to keep within easy reach until he could use his wings.

III

It was only a few days until Corbie could fly down from anything he could climb up; and from that hour he never lacked for amusement. Of course, the greedy little month-old baby found most of his fun for a while in being fed. "*Kah*! *kah*! *kah*!" he called from sun-up to sun-down, keeping the Brown-eyed Boy and the Blue-eyed Girl busy digging earthworms and cutworms and white

grubs, and soaking bread and milk for him. "*Gubble-gubble-gubble*," he said as he swallowed it — it was all so very good.

The joke of it was that Corbie, even then, had a secret — his first one. He had many later on. But the very first one seems the most wonderful, somehow. Yes, he could feed himself long before he let his foster brother and sister know it; and I think, had he been a wild crow instead of a tame one, he would have fooled his own father and mother the same way — the little rascal.

No one would think, to see him with beak up and open, and with fluttering wings held out from his sides, that the little chap begging "*Kah*! *kah*! *kah*!" was old enough to do more than "*gubble*" the food that was poked into his big throat. But for all that, when the Brown-eyed Boy forgot the dish of earthworms and ran off to play, Corbie would listen until he could hear no one near, and then cock his bright eye down over the wriggling worms. Then, very slyly, he would pick one up with a jerk and catch it back into his mouth. One by one he would eat the worms, until he wanted no more; and then he would hide the rest by poking them into cracks or covering them with chips, crooning the while over his secret joke. "There-there-tuck-it-there," was what his croon sounded like; but if the Brown-eyed Boy or the Blue-eyed Girl came near, he would flutter out his wings at his sides and lift open

his beak, his teasing "*Kah*" seeming to say, "Honest, I haven't had a bite to eat since you fed me last."

When his body was grown so big with his stuffing that he was almost a full-sized crow, he stopped his constant begging for food. The days of his greed were only the days of his growth needs, and the world was too full of adventures to spend all his time just eating.

It was now time for him to take pleasure in his sense of sight, and for a few weeks he went nearly crazy with joy over yellow playthings. He strewed the vegetable garden with torn and tattered squash-blossoms — gorgeous bits of color that it was such fun to find hidden under the big green leaves! He strutted to the flower garden, and pulled off all the yellow pansies, piling them in a heap. He jumped for the golden buttercups, nipping them from their stems. He danced for joy among the torn dandelion

blooms he threw about the lawn. For Corbie was like a human baby in many ways. He must handle what he loved, and spoil it with his playing.

Perhaps Corbie inherited his dancing from his grandfather. It may have come down to him with that old crow's merry spirit. Whether it was all his own or in part his grandfather's, it was a wonderful dance, so full of joy that the Brown-eyed Boy and the Blue-eyed Girl would leave their play to watch him, and would call the Grown-ups of the household, that they, too, might see Corbie's "Happy Dance."

If he was pleased with his cleverness in hiding some pretty beetle in a crack and covering it with a chip, he danced. If he spied the shiny nails in the tool-shed, he danced. If he found a gay ribbon to drag about the yard, he danced. But most and best he danced on a hot day when he was given a bright basin of

water. Singing a lively chattering tune, he came to his bath. He cocked one bright eye and then the other over the ripples his beak made in the water. Plunging in, he splashed long, cooling flutters. Then he danced back and forth from the doorstep to his glistening pan, chattering his funny tune the while.

Have you heard of a Highland Fling or a Sailor's Hornpipe? Well, Corbie's Happy Dance was as gay as both together, when he jigged in the dooryard to the tune of his own merry chatter. The Brown-eyed Boy and the Blue-eyed Girl laughed to see him, and the Grown-ups laughed. And even as they laughed, their hearts danced with the little black crow — he made them feel so very glad about the bath. For he had been too warm and was now comfortable. The summer sun on his feathered body had tired him, and the cooling water brought relief. "Thanks be for the bath. O bird,

be joyful for the bath!" he chattered in his Happy Dance.

But a basin, however bright, is not enough to keep a crow in the dooryard; for a crow is a bird of adventure.

So it was that on a certain day Corbie flew over the cornfield and over the tree-tops to the river; and so quiet were his wings, that the Brown-eyed Boy and the Blue-eyed Girl did not hear his coming, and they both jumped when he perched upon a tiny rock near by and screamed, "*Caw*," quite suddenly, as one child says, "Boo," to another, to surprise him. Then the bird sang his chatter tune, and found a shallow place near the bank, where he splashed and bathed. After that, the Blue-eyed Girl showed him a little water-snail. He turned it over in his beak and dropped it. It meant no more to him than a pebble. "I think you'll like to eat it, Corbie," said the Brown-eyed Boy, break-

ing the shell and giving it to him again; "even people eat snails, I've heard."

Corbie took the morsel and swallowed it, and soon was cracking for himself all the snails his comrades gave him. But that was not enough, for their eyes were only the eyes of children and his bright eyes could find them twice as fast. So he waded in the river, playing "I spy" with his foster brother and sister, and beating them, too, at the game, though they had hunted snails as many summers as he had minutes.

IV

He enjoyed doing many of the same things the children did. It was that, and his sociable, merry ways, that made him such a good playfellow, and because he wanted them to be happy in his pleasure and to praise his clever tricks. Like other children, eating when he was hungry gave him joy, and at times he made a game of it that was fun for them all.

Every now and then he would go off quietly by himself, and fill the hollow of his throat with berries from the bushes near the river-bank and, flying back to his friends, would spill out his fruit, uncrushed, in a little pile beside them while he crooned and chuckled about it. He seemed to have the same sort of good time picking berries in his throat cup and showing how many he had found that the children did in seeing which could first fill a tin cup before they sat down on the rocks to eat them.

One day the Brown-eyed Boy and the Blue-eyed Girl were down by the river, hunting for pearls. A pearl-hunter had shown them how to open freshwater clamshells without killing the clams. Suddenly Corbie walked up and, taking one of these hard-shelled animals right out of their hands, he flew high overhead and dropped it down on the rocks near by. Of course that broke the shell and

of course Corbie came down and ate the clam, without needing any vinegar or butter on it to make it taste good to him. How he learned to do this, the children never knew. Perhaps he found out by just happening to drop one he was carrying, or perhaps he saw the wild crows drop their clams to break the shells: for after nesting season they used often to come down from the mountain-side to fish by the river for snails and clams and crayfish, when they were not helping the farmers by eating up the insects in the fields.

Corbie liked the crayfish, too, as well as people like lobsters and crabs, and he had many an exciting hunt, poking under the stones for them and pulling them out with his strong beak. There seemed to be no end of things Corbie could do with that beak of his. Sometimes it was a little crowbar for lifting stones or bits of wood when he wanted

to see what was underneath; for as every outdoor child, either crow or human, knows, very, very interesting things live in such places. Sometimes it was a spade for digging in the dirt. Sometimes it was a pick for loosening up old wood in the hollow tree where he kept his best treasures. Sometimes it worked like a nut cracker, sometimes like a pair of forceps, and sometimes — oh, you can think of a dozen tools that beak of Corbie's was like. He was as well off as if he had a whole carpenter's chest with him all the time. But mostly it served like a child's thumb and forefinger, to pick berries, or to untie the bright hair-ribbons of the Blue-eyed Girl or the shoe-laces of the Brown-eyed Boy. And once in a long, long while, when some stupid child or grown-up, who did not know how to be civil to a crow, used him roughly, his beak became a weapon with which to pinch and to

strike until his enemy was black and blue. For Corbie learned, as every sturdy person must, in some way or other, how to protect himself when there was need.

Yes, Corbie's beak was wonderful. Of course, lips are better on people in many ways than beaks would be; but we cannot do one-tenth so many things with our mouths as Corbie could with his. To be sure, we do not need to for we have hands to help us out. If our arms had grown into wings, though, as a bird's arms do, how should we ever get along in this world?

The weeks passed by — a happy time for Corbie, whether he played with the children or slipped off and amused himself, as he had a way of doing now and then, after he grew old enough to feel independent. The world for him was full of adventure and joy. He never once asked, "What can I do now to amuse me?" Never once! His brain was so

active that he could fill every place and every hour full to the brim of interest. He had a merry way about him, and a gay chatter that seemed to mean, "Oh, life to a crow is joy! JOY!" And because of all this, it was not only the Brown-eyed Boy and the Blue-eyed Girl who loved him. He won the hearts of even the Grown-ups, who had sometimes found it hard to be patient with him during the first noisy days, when he tired them with his baby "*kah-and-gubble*," before he could feed himself.

But, however bold and dashing he was during the day, whatever the sunny hours had held of mirth and dancing, whichever path he had trod or flown, whomever he had chummed with — when it was the time of dusk, little Corbie sought the one he loved best of all, the one who had been most gentle with him, and snuggling close to the side of the Blue-eyed Girl, tucked his head into her

sleeve or under the hem of her skirt, and crooned his sleepy song which seemed to mean:

Oh! soft and warm the crow in the nest
Finds the fluff of his mother's breast.
Oh! well he sleeps, for she folds him tight —
Safe from the owl that flies by night.

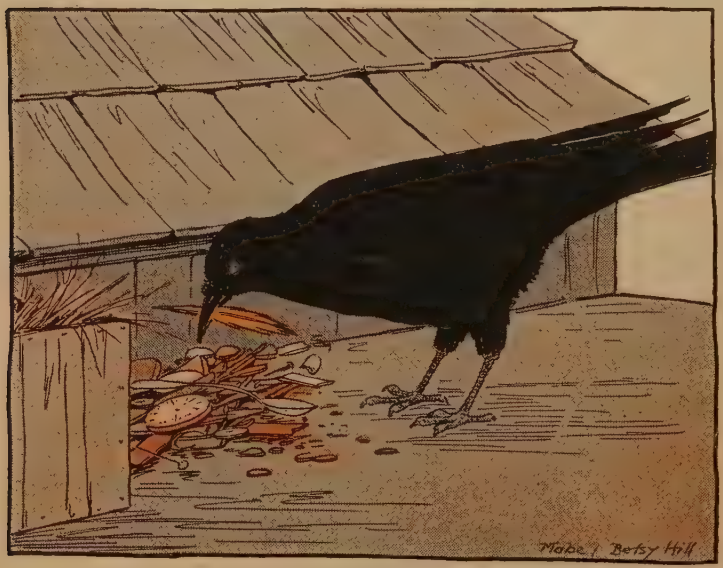
Oh! far her wings have fluttered away,
Nor does it matter in the day.
But keep me, pray, till again 'tis light,
Safe from the owl that flies by night.

Thus, long after he should have been weaned, for his own good, from such care, had he remained wild, Corbie, the tame crow, claimed protection with cunning, cuddling ways that taught the Blue-eyed Girl and her brother and the Grown-ups, too, something about crows that many people never even guess. For all their rollicking care-free ways, there

is, hidden beneath their black feathers, an affection very tender and lasting; and when they are given the friendship of humans, they find touching ways of showing how deep their trust can be.

V

Before the summer was over, Corbie had as famous a collection as his great-grandfather. The children knew where he kept it, and used sometimes to climb up to look at his playthings. They



never disturbed them except to take out the knitting-needle, thimble, spoons, or things like that, which were needed in the house. The bright penny someone had given him, the shiny nails, the brass-headed tacks, the big white feather, the yellow marble, all the bits of colored glass, and an old watch, they left where he put them; for they thought that he loved his things, or he would not have hidden them together; and they thought, and so do I, that he had as much right to his treasures to look at and care for as the Brown-eyed Boy had to his collection of pretty stones and the Blue-eyed Girl to the flowers in her wild garden.

After his feathers were grown, in the spring, Corbie had been really good-looking in his black suit; but by the first of September he was homely again. His little side-feather moustache dropped out at the top of his beak, so that his nostrils were uncovered as they had been

when he was very young. The back of his head was nearly bald, and his neck and breast were ragged and tattered.

Yes, Corbie was moulting, and he had a very unfinished sort of look while the new crop of paint-brushes sprouted out all over him. But it was worth the discomforts of the moult to have the new feather coat, all shiny black; and Corbie was even handsomer than he had been during the summer, when cold days came, and he needed his warm thick suit.

At this time all the wild crows that had nested in that part of the country flew every night from far and wide to the famous crow-roost, not far from a big peach orchard. They came down from the mountain that showed like a long blue ridge against the sky. They flew across a road that looked, on account of the color of the dirt, like a pinkish-red ribbon stretching off and away. They

left the river-edge and the fields. Every night they gathered together, a thousand or more of them. Corbie's father and mother were among them, and Corbie's two brothers and two sisters. But Corbie was not with those thousand crows.

No cage held him, and no one prevented his flying whither he wished; but Corbie stayed with the folk who had adopted him. A thousand wild crows might come and go, calling in their flight, but Corbie, though free, chose for his comrades the Brown-eyed Boy and the Blue-eyed Girl.

I thought all along it would be so if they were good to him; and that is why I said, the day he was kidnaped, that you need not be sorry for Corbie — not very.

—Edith M. Patch

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Can you answer these questions without referring to the book?

1. How did the Brown-eyed Boy and the Blue-eyed Girl win Corbie's affection?
2. List some of the articles Corbie had collected.

THE PRAIRIE FIRE

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

brittle: fragile, easily broken.

trudge: to walk wearily.

reverently: humbly.

BEFORE YOU READ THE POEM

In this poem Alice Cary tells of one of the dangers all pioneer families encountered as they steadily pushed their way across the western plains. You must keep in mind the heroism, patience, and endurance which was in the heart of all pioneers as they crossed the plains in covered wagons.

AS YOU READ THE POEM

Look for the following points:

1. Descriptions which are especially vivid through choice of words.

2. The personal qualities in this pioneer family which you most admire.

The long grass burned brown
  In the summer's fierce heat,
Snaps brittle and dry
  'Neath the traveler's feet,
As over the prairie,
  Through all the long day,
His white, tent-like wagon
  Moves slow on its way.

Safe and snug with the goods
  Are the little ones stowed,
And the big boys trudge on
  By the team in the road;
While his sweet, patient wife,
  With the babe on her breast,
Sees their new home in fancy,
  And longs for its rest.

But hark! in the distance
  That dull, tramping tread;
And see how the sky
  Has grown suddenly red!
What has lighted the west
  At the hour of noon?
It is not the sunset,
  It is not the moon!

The horses are rearing
  And snorting with fear,
And over the prairie
  Come flying the deer
With hot smoking haunches

And eyes rolling back,
As if the fierce hunter
Were hard on their track.

The mother clasps closer
The babe on her arm,
While the children cling to her
In wildest alarm;
And the father speaks low
As the red light mounts higher:
"We are lost! we are lost!
'Tis the prairie on fire!"

The boys, terror-stricken,
Stand still, all but one:
He has seen in a moment
The thing to be done.
He has lighted the grass,
The quick flames leap in air:
And the pathway before them
Lies blackened and bare.

How the fire-fiend behind
Rushes on in his power;

But nothing is left
For his wrath to devour.
On the scarred smoking earth
They stand safe, every one,
While the flames in the distance
Sweep harmlessly on.

Then reverently under
The wide sky they kneel,
With spirits too thankful
To speak what they feel;
But the father in silence
Is blessing his boy,
While the mother and children
Are weeping for joy.

—*Alice Cary*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Can you answer the first three questions without further reference to the book?

1. Name four signs of the approaching danger.
2. How was the family saved from the prairie fire?
3. What lesson does the boy's action teach you?
4. The first stanza is a complete thought unit. Express in your own words the thought of this stanza.

THE STORY OF A PIONEER

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

unalarmed: unafraid.
obviously: plainly, clearly.
temperamental: peculiar.
urgent: pressing.
chastely: modestly.
congealed: frozen.
curtailed: shortened.
primitive: old-fashioned.
settle: a high-backed bench.
menace: indication of a coming evil.
blasé: indifferent.
impersonation: acting.

BEFORE YOU READ THE STORY

This is another story telling about life and hardships of early pioneers. The life of a little girl in an early pioneer home — her duties, and her amusements are here most entertainingly described.

Have you ever wondered what you would do if you met a band of wild Indians alone in the forest? This little girl had such an experience. You will be interested in what she did.

AS YOU READ THE STORY

1. Contrast the author's home, her clothing, food, occupations and opportunities with your own.

I

We faced our situation with clear and unalarmed eyes the morning after our arrival. The problem of food, we knew, was at least temporarily solved. We had brought with us enough coffee, pork and

flour to last for several weeks; and the one necessity father had put inside the cabin walls was a great fireplace, made of mud and stones, in which our food could be cooked. The problem of our water-supply was less simple, but my brother James solved it for the time by showing us a creek a long distance from the house; and for months we carried from this creek, in pails, every drop of water we used, save that which we caught in troughs when the rain fell.

We held a family council after breakfast, and in this, though I was only twelve, I took an eager and determined part. I loved work — it has always been my favorite form of recreation — and my spirit rose to the opportunities of it which smiled on us from every side. Obviously the first thing to do was to put doors and windows into the yawning holes father had left for them, and to lay a board flooring over the earth

inside our cabin walls, and these duties we accomplished before we had occupied our new home a fortnight. There was a small saw-mill nine miles from our cabin, on the spot that is now Big Rapids, and there we bought our lumber. The labor we supplied ourselves, and though we put our hearts into it and the results at the time seemed beautiful to our partial eyes, I am forced to admit, in looking back upon them, that they halted this side of perfection. We began by making three windows and two doors; then, inspired by these achievements, we ambitiously constructed an attic and divided the ground floor with partitions, which gave us four rooms.

The general effect was temperamental and sketchy. The boards which formed the floor were never nailed down; they were fine, wide planks without a knot in them, and they looked so well that we merely fitted them together as closely

as we could and light-heartedly let them go at that. Nothing is more comfortable than a log cabin which has been carefully built and finished; but for some reason — probably because there seemed always a more urgent duty calling to us around the corner — we never plastered our house at all. The result was that on many future winter mornings we awoke to find ourselves chastely blanketed by snow, while the only warm spot in our living room was that directly in front of the fireplace, where great logs burned all day. Even there our faces scorched while our spines slowly congealed, until we learned to revolve before the fire like a bird upon a spit.

No doubt we would have worked more thoroughly if my brother James, who was twenty years old and our tower of strength, had remained with us; but when we had been in our new home only a few months he fell ill and was forced to

go east for an operation. He was never able to return to us, and thus my mother, we three young girls, and my youngest brother — Harry — who was only eight years old then, made our fight alone until our father came to us, more than a year later.

Mother was practically an invalid. She had a nervous affection which made it impossible for her to stand without the support of a chair. But she sewed with unusual skill, and it was due to her that our clothes, notwithstanding the strain to which we subjected them, were always in good condition. She sewed for hours every day, and she was able to move about the house, after a fashion, by pushing herself around on a stool which James made for her as soon as we arrived. He also built for her a more comfortable chair with a high back.

The division of labor planned at the first council was that mother should do

our sewing, and my older sisters, Eleanor and Mary, the housework, which was far from taxing, for of course we lived in the simplest manner. My brothers and I were to do the work out of doors, an arrangement that suited me very well, though at first, owing to our lack of experience, our activities were somewhat curtailed. It was too late in the season

for plowing or planting, even if we had possessed anything with which to plow, and, moreover, our so-called "cleared" land was thick with sturdy tree-stumps. Even during the second summer plowing was impossible; we could only plant potatoes and corn, and follow the most primitive methods in doing even this. We took an ax, chopped up the sod, put the seed under it, and let the seed grow. The seed did grow, too — in the most gratifying and encouraging manner. Our green corn and potatoes were the best I have ever eaten. But for the present we lacked these luxuries.

We had, however, in their place, large quantities of wild fruit — gooseberries, raspberries, and plums — which Harry and I gathered on the banks of our creek. Harry also became an expert fisherman. We had no hooks or lines, but he took wires from our hoop-skirts and made snares at the ends of the

poles. My part of this work was to stand on a log and frighten the fish out of the holes by making horrible sounds, which I did with impassioned earnestness. When the fish hurried to the surface of the water to investigate the appalling noises they had heard, they were easily snared by our small boy, who was very proud of his ability to contribute in this way to the family table.

II

During our first winter we lived largely on cornmeal, making a little journey of twenty miles to the nearest mill to buy it; but even at that we were better off than our neighbors, for I remember one family in our region who for an entire winter lived solely on coarse-grained, yellow turnips, gratefully changing their diet to leeks when these came in the spring.

Such furniture as we had we made

ourselves. In addition to my mother's two chairs and the bunks which took the place of beds, James made a settle for the living room, as well as a table and several stools. At first we had our tree-cutting done for us, but we soon became experts in this gentle art, and I developed such skill that in later years, after father came, I used to stand with him and "heart" a log.

On every side, and at every hour of the day, we came up against relentless limitations of pioneer life. There was not a team of horses in our entire region. The team with which my brother had driven us through the wilderness had been hired at Grand Rapids for that occasion, and, of course, immediately returned. Our lumber was delivered by ox-teams, and the absolutely essential purchases we made "outside" (at the nearest shops forty miles away) were carried through the forest on the backs of men.

Our mail was delivered once a month by a carrier who made the journey in alternate stages of horseback riding and canoeing. But we had health, youth, enthusiasm, good appetites, and the wherewithal to satisfy them, and at night in our primitive bunks we sank into abysses of dreamless slumber such as I have never known since. Indeed, in looking back upon them, those first months seem to have been a long-drawn-out and glorious picnic, interrupted only by occasional hours of pain or panic, when we were hurt or frightened.

Naturally, our two greatest menaces were wild animals and Indians, but as the days passed the first of these lost the early terrors with which we had associated them. We grew indifferent to the sounds that had made our first night a horror to us all — there was even a certain homeliness in them — while we regarded with accustomed, al-

most *blasé* eyes the various furred creatures of which we caught distant glimpses as they slunk through the forest. Their experience with other settlers had taught them caution; it soon became clear that they were as eager to avoid us as we were to shun them, and by common consent we gave each other ample elbow-room. But the Indians were all around us, and every settler had a collection of hair-raising tales to tell of them. It was generally agreed that they were dangerous only when they were drunk; but as they were drunk whenever they could get whiskey, and as whiskey was constantly given them in exchange for pelts and game, there was a harrowing doubt in our minds whenever they approached us.

In my first encounter with them I was alone in the woods at sunset with my small brother Harry. We were hunting a cow James had bought, and our

young eyes were peering eagerly among the trees on the alert for any moving object. Suddenly, at a little distance, and coming directly towards us, we saw a party of Indians. There were five of them, all men, walking in single file, as noiselessly as ghosts, their moccasined feet causing not even a rustle among the dry leaves that carpeted the woods. All the horrible stories we had heard of Indian cruelty flashed into our minds, and for a moment we were dumb with terror. Then I remembered having been told that the one thing one must not do before them is to show fear. Harry was carrying a rope with which we had expected to lead home our reluctant cow, and I seized one end of it and whispered to him that we would "play horse," pretending he was driving me. We pranced toward the Indians on feet that felt like lead, and with eyes so glazed with terror that we could see nothing save a line of

There were five Indians walking in single file.

moving figures; but as we passed them they did not give to our little impersonation of care-free children even the tribute of a side-glance. They were, we realized, headed straight for our home; and after a few moments we doubled on our tracks and keeping at a safe distance from them, among the trees, ran back to warn our mother that they were coming.

As it happened, James was away, and mother had to meet her unwelcomed guests supported only by her young children. She at once prepared a meal, however, and when they arrived she welcomed them calmly and gave them the best she had. After they had eaten they began to point at and demand objects they fancied in the room — my brother's pipe, some tobacco, a bowl, and such trifles — and my mother, who was afraid to annoy them by refusal, gave them what they asked. They were quite sober, and though they left without

expressing any appreciation of her hospitality, they made her a second visit a few months later, bringing a large quantity of venison and a bag of cranberries as a graceful return. These Indians were Ottawas; and later we became very friendly with them and their tribe, even to the degree of attending one of their dances.

—*Anna Howard Shaw*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Without referring to the book, can you answer the first four questions?

1. What qualities did pioneer life develop in Anna Howard Shaw?
2. Make a list of the various "problems" confronting this pioneer family.
3. Write a paragraph of at least fifty words describing this early home.
4. What were the two greatest dangers in this early pioneer home?
5. Select the paragraph which tells of the duties of each member of this pioneer family.
6. The last two paragraphs in this story form a complete thought unit. Give these paragraphs a title.

JOAN A WAR HORSE

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

Souastre: (sōō ast′er).
Potijze: (pŏtēzh′).
Ypres: (ê′pĕr).
portrayed: described in words.
hackney: a horse for riding or driving.
Elverdinghe: (elverding).
Arras: (är-räs′).
Cambrai: (käm′brā′).
Escadeouvre: (ĕs-kä-doo′-ver)
patois: (patwa′) a dialect.
taut: tight, stretched.
bombed: shelled.
chateau: a French castle.

BEFORE YOU READ THE STORY

In the literature which has grown out of the World War are many stories of bravery and heroism. Most of these stories are about men. There are also stories of dogs and horses. Major Lund, an officer in the American Expeditionary Forces, pays tribute in this story to a horse which he very greatly admired.

Every night, so Major Lund tells us, food, water and ammunition were brought to the front along trails, too soft and too dangerous for motor transports, by horses whose faithfulness in supplying the essentials of warfare did much to make it possible for the men to win the war.

Such a horse was Joan, only an English cart-horse, but one who faithfully did each day the work to be done, as best she could. You will be sorry for her as she hauls a load far too heavy for her through the deep mud of northern France, but you will be glad she was such a faithful "soldier".

AS YOU READ THE STORY

Notice the following points:
1. The unusual military expressions in the story.
2. The work Joan had to do in the war.
3. The way in which she did it.

When I first saw her in 1915 she was already an old soldier — and I a green reinforcement — standing in a muddy, bleak field near the ruined village of Elverdinghe, on the first hard standing she had seen since Aldershot in August, 1914.

She was not the major's charger, nor the quartermaster's well-groomed and overfed hackney, nor even the well-bred dun pony that was daily fed on lumps of sugar for delivering unnecessary dainties to the officers' kitchen, but only a typical English shire cart horse which, according to the stable patois, had "come through the retreat" with several other horses in our string.

I remember seeing her little during those first strange weeks in that forward billet, but when we moved back into rest at the end of a long march I saw at the end of the column two steaming horses in an overloaded wagon almost touching the one in front — Joan and

her team-mate, of course called Darby.

This was not surprising, for good horses will never lag behind, but next morning early when the wagon started for rations there were Darby and Joan — fresh as paint, traces taut, bits rattling like a pebble mill, ears forward, snorting and stepping out just as if they had been a week in the stable.

That summer we lost horses. July, August, September found them always on the move; sometimes Fritz got their range; sometimes they were bombed at night or shot while bringing up rations. We moved slowly forward, and sometimes backward, day and night in action, with the horses never far away in open fields.

With the autumn came rain, mud and cracked heels, and in the village of Souastre, Darby had to go with open gashes on both hind feet. Standing in the lines, I watched him being led away. I saw him stop, raise and turn his fine

head in time to see Joan being hooked in with another horse. This was too much for Darby — there was Joan with a strange animal; perhaps she wanted him; anyhow he was going. With a sharp tug at his halter he was free; in a minute he had caught the wagon, whinnying all the way, in another he was limping by Joan's side.

Joan worked badly that day and ate hardly anything. Next day she stayed in and fed out of my hand. The next day she seemed well again, but Darby's place had been hard to fill. Through that winter and a summer of defensive warfare rations were seldom late, though often delivered under fire, and Joan maintained her old gait, apparently caring little about the going or whether she drew more than her share of the load. I like to think that she knew we needed rations. Perhaps you'll say that she was hungry, too.

The winter of 1917-'18 found us at Potijze and the horses in a ruin at Ypres, a lot of hard work, but no action. One day Joan's mate and her driver were struck down by her side at feeding time, and she was the only one left of the old seventy-five.

This made no difference to Joan, and all through the critical spring days of 1918 no extra work could change her spirit, no long, hot days of marching with short halts and quick watering and feeding could alter her condition. She had become the company's pride, the personal friend of the oldest driver and the sergeant himself, but those days allowed no proper care of men or horses.

And then the tide turned and we began to advance — Arras to Cambrai in a week. For two or three hours each day men slept in ditches and horses were picketed in fields, and then up again and on. Ten of our poorest

animals were lost from sheer fatigue, and some of our best were wounded and killed. Gradually half our transport was left behind, first of all the pontoons, then some tool carts and limbers.

The rations lived a charmed existence. Each night, when we had rolled into our blankets, those who were still awake could hear the same cockney voice from the wagon calling a strange horse stranger names because he lagged behind his Joan, but it meant to each a pleasant dream of bacon, bread and tea.

When we pulled out of Cambrai, the Huns were in full retreat and we were told to "keep up with the advance." We marched for ten hours along muddy roads nearly blocked with guns, transport, cavalry and infantry going forward, and wounded and prisoners coming back. At dusk, footsore, tired and hungry, we pulled our few remaining carts into a small field near the ruined Chateau of

Escadoeuvre. We unhooked, tied our famished horses, unrolled our blankets and fell into ditches — but for once the rations were not up.

There was no sleep that night. A battery had pulled into the chateau drive in front, an airplane had seen their flashes and had spotted the transport on the road. All night long we were carrying and tying up wounded men. Some horses had broken loose, and we dared not show more than a glimmer of a light. Wounded men looking for shelter wandered in from the road. At last daylight came, but no rations, where were they— and Joan?

We waited and worked over the wounded, sending runners back for bandages, and with wounded men. At last the shelling stopped and presently out of the mass of transport on the road there pulled a battered wagon piled high with food drawn by a solitary horse, bleeding

from the hind leg and nostrils—merely staggering along, the driver wearing a red band where his helmet should have been. A great cry went up from the weary, hungry men.

But all at once I saw the wagon stop inside the field and the great horse sway for an instant, sink to her knees, topple over and lie still.

They say that in some devasted parts of France women at night have seen visions of their loved ones rise up and walk with them. If this is so, then some of my lost men may march with me once more.

And in a peaceful meadow that I know of, near a rebuilt chateau, I may one night hear the creaking of a wagon and the sound of wheels and a horse's feet crushing the newly sown turf, and the jingle of harness and the champing of bit, and I shall see a horse that I once knew—one splendid horse—driven where there should be two, and she shall be covered with foam and lame.

And in that vision I shall hear a well-known voice shout "Rations up!" And weary fighting men shall echo "Thank

God"—and as I stumble away I shall murmur,—"and Joan!"

—*Major Francis N. Lund.*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Answer the first and last questions without referring to the book.

1. Describe the roads over which Joan pulled her load.

2. Find the passage in the story which tells what kind of a horse Joan was.

3. Do you think Joan's loyalty to duty was important enough to write this story about?

SMALL service is true service while it lasts. Of humblest friends, bright creature! scorn not one: The daisy, by the shadow that it casts, Protects the lingering dew-drops from the sun.

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

THE STORY OF EVANGELINE

The Acadian Village

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

kirtles: skirts and jackets. | **tranquil:** peaceful, quiet.

BEFORE YOU READ THE STORY

Many years ago Nova Scotia belonged to France and the French people called it "Acadia". It was a beautiful country of rich farm lands—the homes of contented Acadian farmers. In 1713 Nova Scotia was ceded to Great Britain by France, but the Acadians refused to take the oath of allegiance to the English king. Finally in 1755, seven thousand of them were carried away from their homes and were scattered in various settlements in the eastern and southern colonies.

The story of "Evangeline" is the story of a young girl—first in her happy home in Acadia—and then in her wanderings through the country as she grows older, in her search for Gabriel.

"Evangeline" is one of the best known and best liked poems in our American literature. The story is here told partly in verse and partly in prose in order that you may better understand it, and more easily discover what there is about it that has made so many people like it for so long a time. The story is filled with descriptions which make beautiful word pictures. You will learn to like Evangeline and the other characters as they move through the pages, and if you read carefully, you will get a picture of each one that cannot be forgotten. Some day you will want to read the entire poem as Mr. Longfellow wrote it.

AS YOU READ THIS SECTION

Look for the following points:

1. The description of life in the village of Grand Pré.
2. The childhood friendship of Evangeline and Gabriel.

In the fruitful valley of Acadia nestled the little village of Grand-Pré. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward; west and south fields of flax, orchards and cornfields spread far and unfenced o'er the plain; while to the northward rose forest-covered mountains.

Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of hemlock; the roofs were thatched with projecting gables which shaded the doorway.

"There in the tranquil evenings of summer,
when brightly the sunset
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes
on the chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps
and in kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden flax."

When the laborers came home from the fields and the sun sank slowly in the

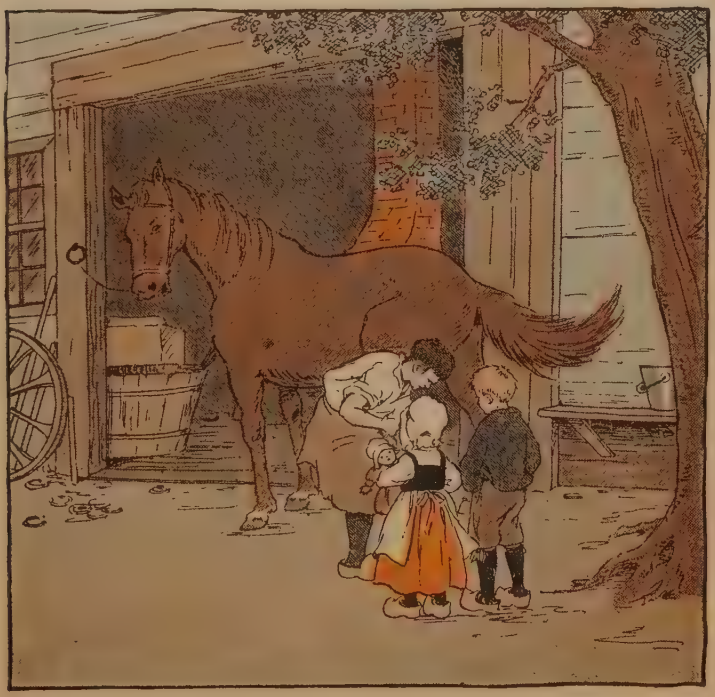
west, softly the Angelus sounded and columns of pale blue smoke rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.

"Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers." They were free from fear; they had neither locks for their doors nor bars for their windows. There the richest were poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, nearer the seacoast, in the midst of rich farm lands dwelt Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of the village, and with him, directing his household, lived his daughter, Evangeline.

"Hearty and hale was he, like an oak that is covered with snow-flakes;
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak-leaves.
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers;
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside."

The house of the farmer stood on the side of the hill commanding the sea. A shady sycamore grew by the door with woodbine wreathing around it. Farther down on the slope of the hill was the well with its moss-covered bucket, while to the north were the sheepfolds and the barns bursting with hay.



Evangeline had many friends among the youths of the village, but among all who came young Gabriel was most welcome, Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith.

"Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest childhood
Grew up together as brother and sister."

They had learned their letters from the self-same book, with the hymns of the church and the plain-song.

"But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed,
Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith.
There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him
Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,
Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of the cartwheel
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders."

Through a happy childhood their friendship grew stronger and deeper.

In a few years Evangeline grew to womanhood "with the heart and hopes of a woman" and Gabriel grew to be a man, strong, brave and handsome.

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Can you answer these questions without referring to your book?

1. Name the characters introduced in this first section.
2. Write three or four sentences describing in your own words Evangeline's home. After reading the descriptions in class, select the one the class thinks the best.
3. What did Evangeline do when her lessons were over?

Autumn in Acadia

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

inclement: severe, rough, stormy.
wains: heavy wagons.
russet: reddish-brown.
mandate: command.

BEFORE YOU READ THIS SECTION

In this section of the poem Longfellow paints a beautiful word picture of autumn in Acadia—the peaceful village of Grand Pré with its contented and happy people. He also presents another picture which disturbs the contentment and happiness of the village. When you read the section you will find out why the people were disturbed.

AS YOU READ THIS SECTION

Look for the following points:

1. All signs of the coming of autumn.
2. The cause of worry and unrest in the village.

In the year 1755 when the birds flew southward and the harvests were gathered in, the wild winds of September wrestled with the trees of the forest. The bees hoarded their honey till the hives overflowed and the fur of the fox proclaimed a long and inclement winter.

Then followed the beautiful season of Indian Summer and peace seemed to reign upon earth.

"All sounds were in harmony blended.
Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks
in the farm-yards, . . .
And the great sun looked with the eye of love
through the golden vapors around him;
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet
and yellow,
Bright with the sheen of the dew, was each glittering tree of the forest."

Stillness and rest came with the autumn twilight. The herds and the flocks returned to the homestead;

"Behind them followed the watch-dog,
Patient, full of importance, and grand in the
pride of his instinct,

Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly
Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers."

Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the marshes laden with hay that filled the air with its odor. Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter at milking time were heard in the farm-yard, and as the darkness grew deeper, the heavy barn doors were closed and all for a season was silent.

"In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly the farmer
Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames and the smoke-wreaths
Struggled together like foes in a burning city."

Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christmas, songs which before him his fathers had sung in their old Norman orchards. Close at her father's side sat Evangeline, spinning. As they sat in the warmth and glow of the firelight, footsteps were heard, the

wooden latch was lifted, and Basil and Gabriel entered.

"Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed; "welcome, Basil, my friend! Come take thy place on the settle close by the chimney-side; take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of tobacco."

Basil took his accustomed seat and lighted his pipe from the embers. Turning to his old friend he said gravely, "Four days now are passed since the English ships at their anchors ride in the river's mouth with their cannon pointed against us. What their design may be is unknown; but all are commanded on the morrow to meet in the church, where his Majesty's mandate will be proclaimed as law in the land. The hearts of the people are greatly alarmed."

Benedict answered, "Perhaps some friendly purpose brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests in

England have been blighted, and from our bursting barns they would feed their children and cattle."

"Not so think the folk in the village," said Basil. "Many have already fled to the forest and lurk on its outskirts, anxiously waiting the fate of tomorrow. Arms and all warlike weapons have been taken from us."

But with a pleasant smile Benedict answered, "Safe are we unarmed in the midst of our flocks and our cornfields; fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow of sorrow fall on this house; for this is the night of the contract.

"Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads of the village
Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking the sod round about them,
Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for a twelvemonth.
Shall we not be glad, then, and rejoice in the joy of our children?"

As he spoke the worthy notary entered.

Can you answer these questions without referring to the book?

1. What preparation did the bees and the foxes make for the long winter?
2. Write a few sentences describing the watch dog.
3. What news did Basil the blacksmith bring to Benedict?
4. What reply did Benedict make to the unwelcome news?

The Marriage Contract

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

tankard: a large drinking vessel.

notary: a public officer who makes out contracts and takes the oaths of parties entering into an agreement.

contention: struggle or strife.

inkhorn: a small bottle of horn for holding ink.

BEFORE YOU READ THIS SECTION

To these French people, the betrothal was almost as sacred and binding as the marriage. This section describes some of the quaint customs of these simple Acadian people.

AS YOU READ THIS SECTION

Look for the following points:

1. How the notary drew up the marriage contract.
2. How the evening was spent.
3. What happened when the curfew rang.

Bent by age was the form of the notary public. Ripe in wisdom he was, but patient and simple and childlike—beloved by all, but most of all by the children, for he told them tales of goblins and

fairies and the marvelous powers of the four-leaved clover and horseshoes.

As he entered, up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the blacksmith. He knocked from his pipe the ashes, slowly extending his right hand. "Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, "thou hast heard the talk in the village and perhaps canst tell us some news of these ships and their errand."

Modestly the notary public made reply, "Gossip enough have I heard, yet am I never the wiser; and what their errand may be I know no better than others. Yet I am not one of those who imagines some evil intention brings them," he continued, "for while man is unjust, God is just, and finally justice triumphs."

During the silence which followed Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table, and filled the pewter tankard with nut-brown ale till it overflowed. From his pocket the notary drew his

papers and inkhorn and wrote with a steady hand the age of the parties, naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and in cattle.

"Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were completed,
And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the margin.
Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the table
Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver;
And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and bridegroom,
Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their welfare."

Wiping the foam from his lips, he solemnly bowed and departed, while in silence the others sat musing by the fireside, until Evangeline brought the checkerboard from the corner. As they played game after game the old men laughed in friendly contention when a man was crowned or a breach was made in the king-row.

Near a window Gabriel and Evangeline sat watching the moon rise over the sea.

Meanwhile apart in the twilight gloom near a window Gabriel and Evangeline sat together watching the moon rise over the sea as

"Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels."

Thus was the evening passed and when the village curfew rang out the hour of nine the guests rose and departed.

"Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the hearthstone;
And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer.
Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed. . . . .
Silent she passed through the hall and entered the door of her chamber."

Simple was her room with curtains of white and a high clothes-press on whose spacious shelves were carefully folded linen and soft woolen stuffs she had woven.

Soon she extinguished her lamp and in the mellow and radiant moonlight thought long of her future.

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Can you answer the first three questions without referring to your book?

1. Write three or four sentences describing the notary and telling why he was beloved by the children.
2. How was the notary rewarded for his services?
3. How did the tread of the farmer on the stairs differ from that of Evangeline?
4. Turn to your book and select the two lines describing the sky at night. Memorize them.

The Feast of Betrothal

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

clement: mild. | **allegiance:** loyalty to.
convened: gathered together.

BEFORE YOU READ THIS SECTION

The first part of this section gives a beautiful picture of the feast of betrothal. The second part tells of the meeting in the church and the reading of the king's orders. When you read the section you will find out what the king's orders were and what happened.

AS YOU READ THIS SECTION

Look for the following points:

1. How happy the people were at the feast of betrothal.
2. How their happiness was turned to sorrow at the king's order.
3. What the people did when the king's order was read.

Pleasantly next morning the sun rose o'er Grand-Pré. Through the soft, sweet

air of the morning came voices and laughter of the happy Acadian peasants coming in from their neighboring hamlets and farms to Evangeline's feast of betrothal. Before noon the streets of the village thronged with people in gay holiday dress.

"Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted;
For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together,
All things were held in common, and what one had was another's."

At Benedict's farm, under the open sky, the feast was spread in the orchard. In the shadow of the porch sat Benedict, surrounded by his friends and neighbors, while by the cider press and the beehives Michael the fiddler, beating time with his wooden shoes, sat fiddling and singing. Old and young, merrily dancing together under the orchard trees, whirled in dizzying dances. Of the happy group

"Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter!
Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith!"

In the midst of the dance the pealing church bell was heard and from across the meadows resounded the beat of the drum. Merrymaking was forgotten as all hurried toward the church. Soon the building was thronged with men, while

in the churchyard waited the women. To the muffled beat of the drum the guard from the ships marched proudly among them on into the church—and the heavy doors swung shut. In silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.

"Up rose their commander, and spake from the steps of the altar,
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission.
'You are convened this day,' he said, 'by his Majesty's orders.
Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kindness
Let your own hearts reply! To me, painful is the task I do. . . . .
Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch:
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds
Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this province
Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there
Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!
Prisoners now I declare you, for such is his Majesty's pleasure!' "

Silent a moment the people stood in speechless wonder, then rose louder and louder a wail of sorrow and anger, and by one impulse they rushed madly to the doorway. Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and curses rang through the church. High o'er the heads of the others rose the figure of Basil the blacksmith. Wildly he shouted:

"Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn them allegiance!
Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize our homes and our harvests!"

He would have said more, but he was dragged to the floor by the merciless hand of a soldier.

And after much angry discussion, they were counseled by one of their number, who, raising his hand reverently, awed into silence all the noisy throng as he spoke sadly and gravely:

"What is this that ye do, my children? What madness has seized you?

Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and taught you,
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!
Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness?
This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it
Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred?"

Deep in the hearts of his people sank these words of rebuke. Signs of repentance followed the angry outburst, and soon all knelt in worship.

In the meantime the ill tidings had spread through the village. Sorrowfully from house to house the women and children wandered. Evangeline stood long at her father's door as the last rays of the setting sun flooded the village streets with golden light. Then all forgetful of self she wandered into the village cheering with looks and words the mournful hearts of the women as

they slowly took their way across the darkening fields to their homesteads.

Nightfall found Evangeline lingering in the gloom of the churchyard. All was silent within the church and long she stood at the door and the windows hoping for some word from her loved ones. Hearing nothing, she returned slowly to her father's home.

There

"Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board was the supper untasted.
Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phantoms of terror.
Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her chamber."

In the dead of night she heard the rain fall on the withered leaves of the sycamore close by her window.

"Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the echoing thunder
Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world He created!"

Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slumbered till morning.

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Are you able to answer the first four questions without referring to your book?

1. What were the people doing when they heard the church bell and the beating drum calling the men to the meeting.
2. What happened when the king's order was read?
3. What did Basil do upon hearing the king's order?
4. How was Basil silenced?
5. Refer to your book and select two passages—one describing the merrymaking in the morning—the other, Evangeline's home upon her return that evening.

The Departure

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

haggard: having the expression of one wasted by suffering, anxiety, or age.

ebbing: the returning of the tidal wave to the sea.

BEFORE YOU READ THIS SECTION

This section tells of the suffering and tragedy caused by the king's order. It is a picture of "man's inhumanity to man."

AS YOU READ THIS SECTION

Look for the following points:

1. The separation of families and friends on the shore.
2. The burning of the village of Grand Pré.
3. The death of Evangeline's father.

Four times the sun had risen and set. On the fifth day in silent procession

came the Acadian women bringing in huge wooden carts their household goods to the seashore. They hurried to the river's mouth and there on the beach piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants. All day long between the shore and the ships boats plied and all day long the wagons came laboring down from the village. Late in the afternoon near sunset from across the fields came the roll of drums in the churchyard. There the women and children went.

The church doors opened—forth came the guard and marching in gloomy procession followed the long-imprisoned but patient Acadian farmers. From the church to the shore they slowly wound their way, softly chanting their sorrow.

Halfway down to the shore Evangeline waited calmly and sadly—but when she saw Gabriel's pale face, tears filled her eyes and eagerly running to meet him,

she clasped his hands, laid her head on his shoulder and whispered:

"Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one another
Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever misfortune may happen!"

As she spoke these words her glance fell upon her father and with a smile and a sigh she embraced him.

The mournful procession moved slowly to the river's mouth. There disorder prevailed; wives were separated from their husbands, and children from their mothers. Basil and Gabriel were carried to separate ships, while on the shore in despair Evangeline stood with her father. Half the task was not done when at nightfall the ebbing tide fled away from the shore, where waited the homeless Acadian peasants. In the deserted village of Grande-Pré

"Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no Angelus sounded,

Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from the windows.
On the shores meanwhile the evening fires had been kindled."

Around them dejectedly many sorrowful faces were gathered. In the glow of one fire Evangeline sat with her father. Haggard, hollow and wan was the face of the old man, without either thought or emotion.

"Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to cheer him,
Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he looked not, he spake not,
But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering fire-light."

Suddenly rose from the south a light. Columns of shining smoke curled high, and flashes of flame were whirled aloft through the air at once from a hundred house-tops.

In dismay the crowds on shore and on shipboard beheld these things and cried

aloud in their sorrow, "We shall behold no more our homes in the village." Suddenly the cocks began to crow in the farmyards, thinking day had dawned, and the herds and the horses broke through their folds and fences and madly rushed o'er the meadows.

"Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest and the maiden
Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened before them;
And as they turned at length to speak to their silent companion,
Lo! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad on the seashore
Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had departed."

Evangeline knelt at her father's side, then sank in a swoon and lay with her head on his bosom. When she awoke, by the flickering light of the burning village she saw her friends clustered around her. Then a familiar voice, the voice of their trusted leader, she heard as he said to the people,—

"Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season
Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of our exile,
Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the churchyard."

Then in haste by the sea-side, having the glare of the burning village for funeral

torches, but without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand-Pré.

With the returning tide began

"Once more the stir and noise of embarking;
And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed out of the harbor,
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in ruins."

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Without referring to your book, can you answer each of these questions?

1. Write two or three sentences in your own words describing the scene on the shore.
2. Why did the soldiers burn the village?
3. What do you think killed Benedict?
4. List three great misfortunes which befell Evangeline.

The Passing of Gabriel's Boat

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

endurance: act of bearing hardship.
perfected: to make perfect.
perpetual: continuous.
savannas: land covered with grass and reeds.
illumines: to make bright.
rendered: to become.
greensward: green grass.
cumbrous: unwieldy.
oblivion: forgetfulness.

BEFORE YOU READ THIS SECTION

In this section begins the story of the exile, and Evangeline's long search for Gabriel who was separated from her when they left Grand Pré. Remember at the beginning of her search, Evangeline was a girl of only "seventeen summers"—homeless—an orphan, separated from her closest friends. In this section Evangeline and Gabriel just miss meeting each other.

AS YOU READ THIS SECTION

Look for the following points:

1. The characters you have known in their old homes in Acadia.
2. The passing of Gabriel's boat.
3. The ways in which Evangeline heard of Gabriel.

Many years had passed since the burning of Grand-Pré and far apart on separate coasts the Acadian peasants were scattered.

"Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to city,
From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern savannas, ...
Friends they sought and homes; and many, despairing, heart-broken,
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a fireside."

Evangeline wandered among them, lowly and meek in spirit, patiently enduring all hardships. Sometimes she lingered in towns, till urged by a restless

longing she continued the search for her lover. Sometimes she strayed to the churchyards reading carefully the rude carving on crosses and tombstones or seated by some nameless grave, she wondered if Gabriel were already at rest. Sometimes she spoke with those who had seen her beloved—but it was always long ago, or in some far off place.

"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" they said. "Oh, yes! We have seen him. He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the prairies. They are famous hunters and trappers."

"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said others. "Oh, yes! We have seen him. He is a boatman in the lowlands of Louisiana." Then they would urge her to cease the long search, saying, "Dear child! Why dream and wait for him longer? Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? Others who have hearts as tender and true and spirits as loyal?" But Evangeline would answer:

"Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and not elsewhere.
For where the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the pathway,
Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness!"

And her friend and companion would encourage her, saying,

"Thy God thus speaketh within thee!
Accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy work of affection!
Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike. . . .
Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is made godlike,
Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heaven!"

And cheered by his words, Evangeline labored and waited, hoping each year to find Gabriel and happiness.

It was the month of May. A cumbrous boat, rowed by Acadian boatmen, floated far down the Ohio River, past the mouth of the Wabash on into the golden stream of the broad Mississippi. It was a band of exiles from Acadia—men, women and children who sought old friends among the settlers of lower Louisiana. With them were Evangeline and her guide, her protector. Onward over sunken sands through a wilderness of dark forests they were swept by the current. As they pushed forward, the landscape

grew level. Along the shores of the river stood the houses of planters with negro cabins nearby. They were approaching the region of perpetual summer. Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the waters. To Evangeline's heart came the thought that along these shadowy streams Gabriel had wandered before her, and every sweep of the oar brought them nearer and nearer together.

At his place at the prow of the boat rose one of the oarsmen and at a signal sound blew a blast on his bugle. Wild along the dark stream it echoed, but not a voice replied; no answer came from the darkness. When the echoes ceased, Evangeline slept, but the boatmen rowed on through the night, singing familiar Canadian boat songs, such as they sang on their own Acadian rivers. By another noon numberless wooded islands fragrant with blossoming roses offered rest from the heat of the day.

"Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended,
Under the boughs of willows that grew by the margin,
Safely their boat was moored; and scattered about on the greensward,
Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travelers slumbered."

Nearer, always nearer, among the numberless islands darted a light, swift boat rapidly rowed northward toward the land of the bison and beaver. At the helm sat a youth with a thoughtful, careworn face.

"Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and restless,
Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow.
Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the island,
But by the opposite bank and behind a screen of thick shrubbery
So that they saw not the boat where it lay concealed in the willows."

Undisturbed by the dash of their oars, Evangeline and her friends slumbered on, while Gabriel's boat glided swiftly away, like the shade of a cloud on the prairie. Hardly had the sound of their oars ceased when the sleepers awoke and Evangeline said to her companion, "Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wanders."

The reverend man smiled as he answered, "Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to the southward are the towns of St. Maur and St. Martin where we shall find old friends. Here you will find Gabriel. The land is beautiful with its prairies and forests of fruit trees. They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana."

With these words of cheer they arose and continued the journey.

"Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon
Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape;
Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and forest
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.
Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver,
Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless water."

From a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird sang and as they slowly drifted

down the river they saw beyond the top of the forest a column of smoke; they heard the sounds of a horn and the distant lowing of cattle.

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Can you answer the first two questions without referring to your book?

1. What two rumors came to Evangeline as to Gabriel's whereabouts?
2. Explain how Evangeline and Gabriel just missed meeting each other.
3. The last quotation of this selection is a complete thought unit. Read it thoughtfully to yourself and in two or three sentences describe the sunset.

In Louisiana

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

luxuriant: very abundant.

sombrero: a broad brimmed Spanish hat.

entranced: charmed with delight and wonder.

myriad: a very large number.

BEFORE YOU READ THIS SECTION

Evangeline finds many of her old friends and a warm welcome in sunny Louisiana. This picture of happy meetings of old friends will remind you of the merrymaking in Acadia. You will be almost as interested as Evangeline was in wondering when Gabriel will come in.

AS YOU READ THIS SECTION

Look for the following points:

1. The description of the plantation and of the herdsman.
2. The news of Gabriel's recent departure.
3. Evangeline's disappointment and loneliness.

Near to the bank of the river o'er-shadowed by oak trees stood the house of the herdsman. A garden of luxuriant flowers filled the air with fragrance. The house was hewn from cypress trees. Large and low was the roof, and a broad rose-wreathed veranda extended around it. Silence reigned over the place. Into the evening air a thin blue column of smoke rose from the chimney. In the rear of the house from the garden gate ran a pathway through the great groves of oak to the edge of the limitless prairie, into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending.

"Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of the prairie,
Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups,
Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of deerskin.
Broad and brown was the face that from under the Spanish sombrero
Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its master.

Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side,
and expanding
Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast that
resounded
Wildly and sweet and far, through the still
damp air of the evening."

As the herdsman turned toward the house, he saw through the garden gate Evangeline and her faithful companion. He sprang from his horse in amazement, and as he rushed toward them they recognized Basil the blacksmith.

With a hearty welcome he led his guests to the garden where in the arbor of roses they renewed their old friendship. Yet Gabriel came not and dark misgivings stole over Evangeline. Basil broke the silence by saying, "As you came up the river, have you nowhere encountered Gabriel's boat?"

Tears came into Evangeline's eyes at these words as she said, "Gone? Is Gabriel gone?" And concealing her face on his shoulder she sobbed heartbrokenly.

Then good Basil said—and his voice grew cheery as he said it,

"Be of good cheer, my child, it is only to-day he departed.
Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds and my horses.
Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled, his spirit
Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence,
Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever.
At length I bethought me and sent him
To trade for mules with the Spaniards.
Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark Mountains,
Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the beaver.
Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the fugitive lover.
He is not far on his way, and the streams are against him."

Glad voices were heard and up from the banks of the river came the others. As they rested and feasted together the southern darkness fell quickly.

"All was silent without, and, illumining the
landscape with silver,
Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars;
but within doors,
Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends
in the glimmering lamplight."

In the midst of the talking and laughter of the feast voices were heard at the door, and footsteps sounded on the stairs and veranda. It was the neighboring Acadian planters who had been summoned to the house of Basil the herdsman to meet their old friends and neighbors. In the neighboring hall a strain of music from Michael's fiddle broke up all further speech.

"Away, like children delighted,
All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves to the maddening
Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed
to the music."

Evangeline stood watching like one entranced for within her old memories surged, and a deep sadness stole into her

heart. Unseen she went into the garden. The night was beautiful for behind the black wall of the forest rose the moon, tipping its summit with silver and dotting the river with gleams of light. The measureless prairie lay as far as eye could see with a silvery haze upon it, and sparkling fireflies floated through the night. In this silent beauty Evangeline thought of Gabriel.

Bright rose the sun next day. Early Basil and Evangeline went down to the river bank where the boatmen were already waiting, and swiftly they followed Gabriel who was speeding before them.

"Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that succeeded,
Found they trace of his course, in lake or forest or river,
Nor, after many days, had they found him; but vague and uncertain
Rumors alone were their guides through a wild and desolate country;
Till, at the little inn of a Spanish town

Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned
from the garrulous landlord
That on the day before, with horses and guides
and companions
Gabriel left the village, and took the road of
the prairies."

TEST AND STUDY QUESTIONS

Can you answer the first three questions without looking at the book?

1. Write four or five sentences describing Basil as he looked when Evangeline first saw him.

2. How did Basil celebrate the arrival of his old friends?

3. Where did Basil and Evangeline first hear of Gabriel after they began their search?

4. Select that section of the poem in which Basil tells of Gabriel's departure. Express the thought of the selection in your own words.

5. Select that description in the selection you like best. Rewrite it. Read it again silently from your book.

Gabriel's Wanderings

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

swarded: grassy land. | **phantom:** spirit.
afflicted: troubled.

BEFORE YOU READ THIS SECTION

The Ozark Mountains extend across northern Arkansas and southern Missouri. Imagine Basil and Evangeline with their Indian guide exploring this wild and rugged country in their search for Gabriel.

Evangeline made friends wherever she went. She stayed at one mission for nearly two years, hoping to meet Gabriel here on his return to his home in Louisiana. But as he did not come, she continued her search into the depths of the Michigan forests.

AS YOU READ THIS SECTION

Look for the following points:
1. The arrival at the Mission.
2. The journey into northern Michigan.

Far into the west in the desert land at the base of the Ozark Mountains Gabriel had gone with hunters and trappers. Day after day Evangeline and Basil with their Indian guides followed his flying steps, hoping each day to overtake him. Sometimes they saw the smoke of his campfire rise in the morning air from the distant plain; but at nightfall when they had reached the place, they found only embers and ashes.

Each morning the march westward was resumed, and each night, worn with the long day's march, they slept in the quivering firelight. After many weary days of travel one evening just as the sun went down, on the banks of the river in the midst of a green meadow, they found the little tents of the Mission. Under

the towering oak knelt the black-robed chief with his followers.

"Silent, with heads uncovered, the travelers, nearer approaching,
Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening devotions.
But when the service was done, and the benediction had fallen,
Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers, and bade them
Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with benignant expression,
Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue in the forest,
And, with words of kindness, conducted them into his wigwam."

There on mats and skins they rested and feasted. Soon was their story told to which their host with solemnity answered:

"Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel. seated
On this mat by my side, where now the maiden reposes,
Told me this same sad tale; then arose and continued his journey!"

"Far to the north he has gone," continued their host; "but in autumn, when the chase is over, he will return again to the Mission."

Then Evangeline said, "Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted."

As this plan seemed wise to them all, early the next morning Basil returned home with his Indian guides and Evangeline stayed at the Mission. Slowly the days succeeded each other; spring and summer passed; autumn came and winter, yet Gabriel did not return. With another spring and summer came a rumor that far to the north and east, in the Michigan forests, Gabriel had built a lodge on the banks of the Saginaw River. Hoping here at last to find Gabriel, Evangeline left the Mission. When through a long and dangerous journey she reached the depths of the Michigan forests she found the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin.

Thus did the long, sad years glide on, and in distant places was seen the wandering maiden.

"Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the army,
Now in secluded hamlets, and towns and populous cities.
Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.
Fair she was and young, when in hope she began the long journey;
Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended."

TEST AND STUDY QUESTIONS

Can you answer the first four questions without referring to the book?

1. Write a paragraph of a few lines describing the scene as Basil and Evangeline arrived at the Mission.
2. How long before Evangeline's arrival had Gabriel been at the Mission?
3. What rumor reached Evangeline from the Saginaw River in Michigan?
4. When and where did Basil leave Evangeline to continue her search alone?
5. The last quotation in this section is a complete thought unit. Tell what it is about.

In Philadelphia

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

quaint: strange but pleasing.

pestilence: devastating disease.

abnegation: denial.

BEFORE YOU READ THIS SECTION

Evangeline's search at last brought her to the friendly city of Philadelphia. In doing for others she found happiness—and Gabriel.

AS YOU READ THIS SECTION

Look for the following points:
1. The description of Philadelphia.
2. The work Evangeline was doing.
3. Evangeline's meeting with Gabriel.

At last Evangeline came to the quaint, friendly city of Philadelphia on the banks of the Delaware River.

"Something there was in the friendly streets of the city,
Something that spoke to her heart and made her no longer a stranger."

Gabriel was not forgotten for always within her heart was his image, clothed in the beauty of love and youth as she had last seen him. He had become to her as one dead and not absent.

"Patience, abnegation of self, and devotion to others,
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her.
Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow
Meekly, with reverend steps, the sacred feet of her Savior."

Thus she lived as a faithful nurse, visiting lonely and wretched rooms in the crowded streets of the city where distress and want and disease languished uncared for. Night after night when the world was asleep, the light of her candle could be seen high at some lonely window. Day after day in the gray dawn she returned home from her watchings. Then a pestilence fell on the city. Death flooded life and wealth had no power to check its destruction. But the poor who had neither friends nor attendants crept away to die in the almshouse, which stood in the midst of meadows and woodlands in the outskirts of the city

One Sabbath morning through the silent and deserted streets Evangeline quietly wended her way towards the almshouse. She stopped on her way to gather the fairest flowers so that the dying might once more rejoice in their fragrance and beauty. As she finally ascended the stairs, the chimes from a church fell softly on her ears. She entered each room of sickness, moistened feverish lips, soothed aching brows and placed flowers in dry, hot hands.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder she stood still, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder ran through her frame, and the flowers, forgotten, dropped from her fingers. A cry of terrible anguish escaped from her lips.

"On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.
Long and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his temples;

But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood."

Motionless he lay—yet he heard that cry of pain and in the silence that followed a gentle voice whispered in tender accents, "Gabriel! Oh, my beloved!"

He saw as in a dream once more the home of his childhood, the green Acadian meadows, the village streets of Grand-Pré flooded with sunshine, and as in the days

of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision. As he slowly lifted his eyes Evangeline knelt at his bedside. Sweet was the light in his eyes, but it suddenly sank into darkness.

"All was ended now, the hope, and the fear,
and the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless unsatisfied
longing, ...
Meekly she bowed her head, and murmured,
'Father, I thank Thee!' "

Retold by Lois Donaldson

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Can you answer all these questions without re-reading the story?

1. Why did Evangeline like Philadelphia?
2. What kind of work was Evangeline doing?
3. Recall the beginning of Evangeline's search. What else might she have done? What do you think would have been the best thing for her to have done?
4. List in their correct order the places Evangeline visited in her search for Gabriel.

MARK TWAIN

Samuel Langhorne Clemens

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

adventurous: requiring courage, inclined to adventure.

apprentice: a person bound for a length of time to serve another to learn a trade.

alacrity: willingness, promptness.

poverty-stricken: very poor.

melancholy: sad, gloomy.

BEFORE YOU READ THE STORY

After you have read the first paragraph of this story, you will want to read it all, for it introduces to you a man who lived a most interesting life. Early in the selection, you will find a story of a small boy white-washing a fence. You will probably be so interested in this boy, "Tom Sawyer," that you will want to read the rest of the book about him.

AS YOU READ THE STORY

1. Try to read so carefully that you will be able to re-tell the story of how Tom Sawyer got his fence white-washed.
2. Notice the experiences of Mark Twain which led him to write "Joan of Arc," "Innocents Abroad," "Tom Sawyer."
3. Notice how Mark Twain educated himself.
4. What evidences can you find of his popularity as an author?

I

This is the story of a man "who made the world laugh—and love him." His

real name was Samuel Langhorne Clemens but they called him "Sam." When he was still a young man he began to sign his letters and stories "Mark Twain" and during the rest of his long life nearly everyone called him by this odd name.

Mark Twain was born in a little village which had only twenty-one houses. It was called Florida and was located in the northeastern corner of Missouri, thirty miles from Hannibal, which was even then a good sized town on the banks of the Mississippi River.

His father was poor and when the boy was only three years old the family moved to the river town of Hannibal where they lived until his father's death nine years later. These twelve boyhood years left a deep impression on his mind and some of his most famous stories tell about the boys he played with, and the things they did.

As a boy Mark Twain was delicate in

health and would sometimes walk in his sleep at night, but he hunted coons in the woods, went swimming in the Mississippi and skating on "Bear Creek," explored the caves along the banks of the Mississippi River and did all the other things that make a boy's life adventurous and happy. He once said that while still a boy he had nine narrow escapes from drowning.

He did not care for schools or school books but picked up all kinds of information from those he met at the river-boat landing and about town. Although he was only twelve years old when his father died, he had to make his own way. For two years he worked as an apprentice in a printing office for "board and clothes," which he said was "more board than clothes and not much of either."

One day while he was walking home from the office he picked up a piece of paper which had printed on it part of

the story of Joan of Arc, the famous French heroine. What he read of the story thrilled his boyish imagination and he borrowed a book giving the complete story of her life. Then he began to read French history and everything else he could get hold of, sometimes reading in bed until late at night. When he was an old man he still loved to do this and much of his writing was done sitting up in bed. He never lost interest in the story of Joan of Arc and years later he wrote a remarkable book about her life.

Among the boys with whom he used to play in Hannibal was one named Tom Blankenship, who was the original "Huckleberry Finn." If you have not read the story of "Huckleberry Finn," you ought to do so for it is delightful reading and full of fun and adventure. Another book by Mark Twain that every one should read is "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer." "Tom" was really three boys rolled into

one, Mark Twain and two of his playmates. The following selection will tell you the story of how Tom Sawyer got his fence painted:

"Tom appeared on the sidewalk with a bucket of whitewash and a long-handled brush. He surveyed the fence, and the gladness went out of nature, and a deep melancholy settled down upon his spirit. Thirty yards of broad fence nine feet high! It seemed to him that life was hollow, and existence but a burden. Sighing he dipped his brush and passed it along the topmost plank; repeated the operation; did it again; compared the insignificant whitewashed streak with the far-reaching continent of unwhitewashed fence, and sat down on a tree box discouraged. At this dark and hopeless moment an inspiration burst upon him. Nothing less than a great, magnificent inspiration. He took up his brush and went tranquilly to work. Ben Rogers hove in sight

Tom dipped his brush in a bucket of whitewash and passed it along the topmost plank.

presently; the very boy of all boys whose ridicule he had been dreading. Ben's gait was the hop, skip and jump—proof enough that his heart was light and his anticipations high. He was eating an apple, and giving a long, melodious whoop at intervals, followed by a deep-toned ding dong dong, ding dong dong, for he was personating a steamboat.

"As he drew near he slackened speed, took the middle of the street, leaned far over the starboard, and rounded-to ponderously, and with laborious pomp and circumstance, for he was personating the 'Big Missouri', and considered himself to be drawing nine feet of water. He was boat, and captain, and engine-bells combined, so he had to imagine himself standing on his own hurricane deck giving the orders and executing them.

" 'Stop her, sir! Ling-a-ling-ling!' The headway ran almost out, and he drew up slowly toward the sidewalk. 'Ship up

to back! Ling-a-ling-ling.' His arms straightened and stiffened down his sides. 'Set her back on the starboard! Ling-a-ling-ling! Chow-ch-chow-chow!' his right hand meantime describing stately circles, for it was representing a forty-foot wheel. 'Let her go back on the larbord! Ling-a-ling! Chow-ch-chow-chow!' The left hand began to describe circles.

'Stop the starboard! Ling-a-ling-ling! Stop the larboard! Come ahead on the starboard! Stop her! Let your outside turn over slow! Ling-a-ling-ling! Chow-ow-ow! Get out that head line! Lively, now! Come—out with your spring-line—what're you about there? Take a turn round that stump with the bight of it! Stand by that stage now—let her go! Done with the engines, sir! Ling-a-ling-ling!'

'Sht! s'sht!' (Trying the gauge-cocks.)

Tom went on whitewashing—paid no attention to the steamer. Ben stared a moment, and then said:

'Hi-yi! You're up a stump, ain't you!'

No answer. Tom surveyed his last touch with the eye of an artist; then he gave his brush another gentle sweep, and surveyed the result as before. Ben ranged up alongside of him. Tom's mouth watered for the apple, but he stuck to his work. Ben said:

'Hello, old chap; you got to work, hey?'

'Why, it's you, Ben! I warn't noticing.'

'Say, I'm going in a-swimming, I am. Don't you wish you could? But of course you'd druther work wouldn't you? Course you would.'

Tom contemplated the boy a bit, and said:

'What do you call work?'

'Why, ain't that work?'

Tom resumed his whitewashing and answered carelessly:

'Well, maybe it is, and maybe it ain't. All I know, is, it suits Tom Sawyer.'

'Oh, come now, you don't mean to let on that you like it?'

The brush continued to move.

'Like it? Well, I don't see why I oughtn't to like it. Does a boy get a chance to whitewash a fence every day?'

That put the thing in a new light. Ben stopped nibbling his apple. Tom swept his brush daintily back and forth—stepped back to note the effect—added a touch here and there—criticized the effect again, Ben watching every move, and getting more and more interested, more and more absorbed. Presently he said:

'Say, Tom, let me whitewash a little.'

Tom considered; was about to consent; but he altered his mind: 'No, no; I reckon it wouldn't hardly do, Ben. You see, Aunt Polly's awful particular about this fence—right here on the street you know—but if it was the back fence I wouldn't mind, and she wouldn't. Yes, she's awful particular about this fence; its got to be done very careful. I reckon there ain't one boy in a thousand, maybe

two thousand, that can do it the way it's got to be done.'

'No—is that so? Oh, come now; lemme just try, only just a little. I'd let you, if you was me, Tom.'

'Ben, I'd like to, honest injun; but Aunt Polly—well, Jim wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let him. Sid wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let Sid. Now, don't you see how I am fixed? If you was to tackle this fence, and anything was to happen to it—'

'Oh, shucks; I'll be just as careful. Now lemme try. Say—I'll give you the core of my apple.'

'Well, here. No, Ben; now don't; I'm afeard—'

'I'll give you all of it!'

Tom gave up the brush with reluctance in his face, but alacrity in his heart. And while the late steamer 'Big Missouri' worked and sweated in the sun, the retired artist sat on a barrel in the shade

close by, dangled his legs, munched his apple, and planned the slaughter of more innocents. There was no lack of material; boys happened along every little while; they came to jeer, but remained to whitewash.

By the time Ben was fagged out, Tom had traded the next chance to Billy Fisher for a kite in good repair; and when he played out, Johnny Miller bought in for a dead rat and a string to swing it with; and so on, and so on, hour after hour. And when the middle of the afternoon came, from being a poor poverty-stricken boy in the morning, Tom was literally rolling in wealth. He had, besides the things I have mentioned, twelve marbles, part of a jew's-harp, a piece of blue bottle-glass to look through, a spool-cannon, a key that wouldn't unlock anything, a fragment of chalk, a glass stopper of a decanter, a tin soldier, a couple of tadpoles, six fire-crackers, a kitten with

only one eye, a brass door-knob, a dog-collar—but no dog—the handle of a knife, four pieces of orange-peel, and a dilapidated old window-sash. He had had a nice, good, idle time all the while—plenty of company—and the fence had three coats of whitewash on it! If he hadn't run out of whitewash, he would have bankrupted every boy in the village."

II

When he was eighteen years of age, Mark Twain went down the river on a steamboat to St. Louis, where he got a position as reporter on the "Evening News." At that time there were no railroads west of St. Louis. After working for a few months he had saved enough money to buy a ticket to New York City. His first job in New York brought him four dollars a week but he saved a part of this.

He spent his days working and his evenings reading and in this way he made

up for his lack of schooling when a boy. He studied both French and German and read much of English and French History. One of his best known books is the story of "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," which tells the imaginary and amusing experience of a modern American dropped down into King Arthur's Court in the Middle Ages.

After about two years in New York City, Mark Twain went back to Hannibal, Missouri, to visit his mother and friends. The following spring, when he was only twenty-one, he gave up his job as a printer and went aboard the steamboat "Paul Jones" headed down stream for New Orleans. He had heard wonderful stories of the Amazon country in South America and had decided to try his fortune there.

All his life, however, he had wanted to be a Mississippi River pilot, to stand in the pilot house of a great steamship

and guide the boat through the shifting and dangerous channel.

The "Paul Jones" had not gone far on its journey to New Orleans before Mark Twain (or Sam Clemens, as he then called himself) had made the acquaintance of Horace Bixby, who was in the pilot house and who was one of the most famous pilots on the Mississippi River. Mark Twain felt the old longing return and soon asked Bixby if he would take him on as an apprentice and teach him to be a pilot. Mr. Bixby at first refused but finally agreed to teach him if Mark Twain would pay him five hundred dollars. He had only one hundred dollars in cash but offered Mr. Bixby that, with the promise of four hundred more when he had earned it after becoming a pilot. The bargain was made and for the rest of the trip Sam Clemens rode in the pilot house beside the wheel. It was a great day for the

young man who little dreamed that instead of spending his life as a pilot, he was to become one of the greatest American writers known and honored the world around.

To be a river pilot on the Mississippi was a very difficult and honorable calling. It required a remarkable knowledge of the river channel and great skill in handling the big unwieldy steamer in the swift and shallow water. Then, too, a river pilot's salary was the same as that of the vice-president of the United States at that time. No wonder Mark Twain was a happy man.

When the war for the Union broke out in 1861, it found Horace Bixby and Mark Twain still working together as river pilots. Bixby sided with the North and Mark Twain with the South. It was not long before he won a lieutenant's commission, but he stayed in service for only a few months, leaving in July, 1861, to

become private secretary for his brother who had been made Territorial Governor of Nevada. In this western city he soon became interested in mining but never "struck ore." Later some one else digging in one of his prospecting holes found a fortune only one foot from where Mark Twain had stopped digging.

While he was a newspaper writer for the "Virginia City Enterprise," his interesting letters were copied all over the Pacific Coast. He did not want to sign the letters "Samuel L. Clemens," so he chose as a writing name or nom-de-plume "Mark Twain."

He got this name from his experience as a river pilot. In sounding for the depth of the channel the man at the line would often call out "mark twain" meaning that the channel was two fathoms or twelve feet deep, and that they were in "safe waters." Soon everyone began calling him Mark Twain and he later became

known the world over by this curious name.

After two years he went to San Francisco as a special writer for the "Call", where he met Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller and other literary men who later became famous. These associations encouraged him to continue his writing which he did with increasing success. The following year he spent four months in Hawaii writing letters back to the San Francisco "Call" which he always signed Mark Twain. On his return he began to lecture on the Sandwich Islands and found that he was as successful in his lecturing as in his writing. In all his writing and speaking he showed a keen sense of humor and people laughed and enjoyed his stories which were full of funny sayings and situations.

III

One day Mark Twain saw an advertisement in a paper of a five months' excursion

to the Holy Land. It was the first excursion of the kind ever made and Mark Twain saw an opportunity to write up the trip. The "Alta Californian" agreed to pay him twenty dollars for each letter describing the trip. With this guarantee of expenses he started for New York City to join the party. He found that he had to wait two months in New York before the party of sixty-six interesting people were ready to start. One day he recalled a story of a famous jumping frog which he had heard a miner relate years before in Nevada. He wrote out the story and it was published under the title "The Jumping Frog of Calavaras" before he left for Palestine. This was his first book. Its success was so great that he became known at once in the east as a writer of delightful humor.

In the excursion to Palestine there were many famous people but Mark Twain entitled his book giving an account

of the trip, "Innocents Abroad." The book was published soon after his return and created a great stir. The printers could not manufacture the books fast enough. Several hundred thousand of the books were sold the first year and Mark Twain found himself not only famous, but rich.

Among the excursionists to the Holy Land was Judge Jervis J. Langdon of Elmira, New York. Shortly after his return Mark Twain fell in love with Judge Langdon's daughter, Lizzie. They were married on February 2, 1870, and Judge Langdon presented his daughter with a beautiful home in Buffalo as a wedding present. When the deed for the house was shown Mark Twain, he turned to Judge Langdon and said, "Mr. Langdon, whenever you are in Buffalo, if it's twice a year, come right here, bring your bag and stay over night, if you want to. It shan't cost you a cent!"

At another time when he was sent to interview General Grant he was greatly confused at being in the presence of the most famous American of his day and he said, "General, I seem to be slightly embarrassed. Are you?" General Grant laughed and they became great friends. It was Mark Twain who later persuaded General Grant to write his Memoirs after he was stricken with a fatal disease. The book was issued by the publishing company in which Mark Twain had a large interest and after the death of General Grant he paid Mrs. Grant four hundred and fifty thousand dollars as royalties on the book.

After two years in Buffalo, Mark Twain moved to Hartford, Connecticut, where he built a large, rambling and curious house in which he lived for many years and did his most important literary work, including "Tom Sawyer," "Roughing It," "The Stolen White Elephant," and other

books. When someone asked him why he built the kitchen of this house next to the street he said, "So the servants can see the circus go by without running into the front yard."

On the mantel over the fire place in his house was the motto, "The ornament of a house is the friends that frequent it." Harriet Beecher Stowe, the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and Charles Dudley Warner were two of his distinguished neighbors, and his latch string was always out to his many friends.

One day he went to call on Mrs. Stowe without his collar and tie on. His wife was greatly chagrined and Mark Twain at once sent a servant over to Mrs. Stowe's with a small package containing his collar and tie, in order to show that he possessed them.

On another occasion a neighbor's house caught on fire. Mark Twain put on his overcoat and hat and stepped across the

street. Ringing the neighbor's bell he said with great dignity, "My name is Clemens. We ought to have called on you before, and I beg your pardon for intruding now in this informal way—but your house is afire."

Mark Twain was not successful in business. The publishing company that issued many of his books, and in which he had a large financial interest, failed, leaving him, when he was fifty-nine years of age without a dollar in the world and a debt of seventy thousand dollars. In order to pay this debt he went for a tour of the world, giving his whimsical and humorous lectures in England, Australia, New Zealand, India, Ceylon and South America. Everywhere he was welcomed as the most famous American man of letters of his time.

The lecture trip was a great success and after a few years he was able to pay all the debts of his company. One of his early

friends was Alexander Graham Bell, who offered him a large interest in his new invention, the telephone, for five hundred dollars, but he did not believe that the machine would work and refused the offer that would have made him a millionaire.

After his return from his lecture tour of the world he wrote, "The Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc," whose story he had been studying ever since he found the scrap of paper on the street in Hannibal, Missouri. It is one of his few serious books and was published over another name for fear his readers would be disappointed in it if they knew that Mark Twain had written it.

Once the rumor was started that he had suddenly died. When he heard of it he sent this telegram to the newspapers: "The report of my death has been grossly exaggerated! Mark Twain."

On his seventieth birthday two hundred of the most distinguished literary

men in America met in New York to honor him at a great banquet. Several colleges and universities conferred honorary degrees upon him and in 1907 Oxford University invited him to come to England and accept the degree of Doctor of Laws. It was a great honor to come to the little boy who was born in a village of twenty-one houses in northern Missouri and who had had the advantage of so little teaching in school. But all his life he had read and studied and in this way he had educated himself until the famous English University honored itself in honoring him with the degree of Doctor of Laws.

Mark Twain was one of the most lovable and picturesque writers that America has ever produced. He had a head of shaggy red hair, a flaming mustache, and during his later years he dressed both in winter and in summer in a suit of white serge, all of which

made him a conspicuous figure wherever he went.

Someone had said that Mark Twain "was a youth to the end of his days, with the heart of a boy and the head of a sage." He made the world laugh — and love him, and his books are still among the most popular in America. They are pictures of real life told with humor and human interest.

Mark Twain died on April 21, 1910 at his country home in Reading, Connecticut.

—Edwin Osgood Grover

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Can you answer these questions without referring to the book?

1. Tell the incident in the story which led to Mark Twain's interest in literature.
2. Explain how Samuel Clemens came to be known by the name of "Mark Twain."
3. How did "Innocents Abroad" happen to be written?
4. Name two of Mark Twain's distinguished neighbors.
5. Tell two incidents in the story that indicate Mark Twain's sense of humor.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

moored: fastened. **aisles:** passageways.
shrine: a sacred place.

BEFORE YOU READ THE POEM

This is a famous poem describing a great event in our country's history. The Pilgrims had left their homes in England to find "freedom to worship God" in America. They were willing to brave the treacherous seas for five months in a little sailing vessel and make their home on "a stern and rockbound coast" in order to secure the thing they sought.

The poem gives you a picture of the country to which they came and the kind of men and women who made up the company. You will want to memorize the first two and the last stanzas of the poem because of their beauty.

AS YOU READ THE POEM

Notice the following points:
1. The character of the New England coast.
2. The kind of people the Pilgrims were.

The breaking waves dash'd high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches toss'd.

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,

When a band of exiles moor'd their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted came;

Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame:

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang.
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soar'd
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roar'd—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band:—
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
They sought a Faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;
They left unstain'd what there they found—
Freedom to worship God.

—*Felicia Dorothea Hemans.*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

1. What time of day and what time of the year did the Pilgrims land?
2. Which stanzas tell why the Pilgrims came?
3. Pick out the two stanzas which best describe the character of the Pilgrims.
4. Which stanza gives you the best word picture? Why do you like it?

THE STORY OF ELECTRICITY

In the Beginning

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

ferrule: a ring or cap of metal put around a cane to strengthen it.

magnetic: possessing the qualities of a magnet.

BEFORE YOU READ THE STORY

We are living in an age of electricity. Electric light illumines our homes, schools and public buildings; electric power runs our huge machinery and our street cars, even making it possible to run our automobiles. Because of the discoveries already made in electricity, we have the X-rays, the telephone, the telegraph, the wireless, and radio. In fact nearly every change that makes our life to-day so different from life in the past is due directly or indirectly to the development and use of this invisible electric power.

Electricity has during the past one hundred years completely revolutionized our industrial and business life. Each section of the "Story of Electricity" tells of the struggles, disappointments and final success of one man whose tireless energy and persistent work made possible many of our conveniences that have become commonplace.

AS YOU READ THE STORY

Notice the following points:

1. Thales' discovery.
2. When electricity really began to be studied as a science.

The beginning of the story of electricity goes back thousands of years. There is a legend that a shepherd named Magnus was once guarding his sheep on Mount

Ida in Greece, when he discovered that the ferrule of his staff and even the nails in the soles of his shoes were sticking to the stones he walked on. In time these stones came to be called "Magnus stones" or magnets, and later lodestones. In the story of the "Arabian Nights" there is an account of a magnetic mountain that would pull out the nails of ships as they sailed by, so great was its power of attraction.

The recorded story of electricity, however, began in 600 B. C., when a man named Thales noticed that when he rubbed a piece of amber, which is the fossil resin of a pine tree, on cloth, the amber suddenly took on a curious power of first attracting and then repelling bits of paper or small pieces of metal.

The Greeks had been wearing amber beads and using amber in making jewelry for hundreds of years, but apparently no one before Thales had ever discovered

this simple but strange fact. Thales was curious and began to study and talk about this mysterious and invisible power. His friends and neighbors thought him a dreamer and enthusiast, and paid little attention to his notions. Thales had really made a great discovery from a simple observation. Little things often are of great value.

For two thousand years Thales' discovery bore little or no fruit. The development of the electric sciences had been pointed out by Thales, but although the Greeks, Romans and Egyptians were wise and educated in other fields, they neglected to follow up Thales' discovery. It is only during the past one hundred years that the story of electricity has come to be one of the most romantic and thrilling stories in all human progress. The story is not yet finished, and some boy or girl, who reads this account may discover new powers in electricity,

new uses for it and new ways to control it. If he does, he may be sure that fame and fortune await him as they awaited Benjamin Franklin, Alexander Graham Bell, Thomas A. Edison, Guglielmo Marconi and many others who have played great parts in solving this one of nature's many mysteries.

It was not until the seventeenth century that scientists began to investigate this strange power of magnetism and electricity. During the next one hundred years, the scientists of Europe discovered many new qualities of both magnetism and electricity, but it was not until the middle of the eighteenth century that these experiments began to lead to practical results.

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Can you answer the following questions without referring to your book?

1. How did "magnets" get their name?
2. List three men mentioned in this section who have made important discoveries concerning the development of electricity.
3. When was electricity first studied seriously as a science?

Franklin and the Kite

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

identical: the same.
theory: general principles of any body of facts.
experiment: trying, testing.

BEFORE YOU READ THIS SECTION

In this section you will read the story of a great man who did much for his city and his country. He also made the most startling electrical discovery of his time. Read this section carefully to find out what it was and how you are using today the information resulting from his discovery.

AS YOU READ THIS SECTION

Notice the following points:
1. Franklin's idea of what electricity was.
2. Franklin's experiment with the kite.
3. Franklin's services to his country.

Benjamin Franklin's father was an Englishman who settled in Boston in the year 1682. He was a candle-maker by trade and as there were no electric lights or even kerosene lamps in those days, the making of tallow candles was an important industry.

Benjamin was born in 1706, and grew up to dislike his father's business of candle-making. Finally his father appren-

ticed him for a period of seven years to an older brother who was one of the earliest printers and publishers of Boston. The two brothers did not get on well together, and when he was seventeen years old, Benjamin ran away to begin life for himself. He had always been fond of books and of reading, and after a few years he set himself up as a job printer in Philadelphia where he began to publish the "Pennsylvania Gazette" which we now know as the "Saturday Evening Post." There were only two or three other newspapers published in the entire country, and Franklin's paper became very popular and profitable. Later he issued for many years "Poor Richard's Almanac." While still a young man he became the chief citizen of Philadelphia. He organized its police force, founded a school that is now the University of Pennsylvania, established the first Public Library in America, intro-

duced the first system of fire protection, invented the Franklin stove and was known throughout the colonies and in England.

Franklin had a friend in England named Peter Collinson who wrote him of experiments that were being made by scientists with magnetism and electricity. Franklin became interested and began to experiment for himself. He believed that the electricity derived from rubbing a cat's back or a glass rod was identical with the lightning of the sky. To prove his theory correct, he sent up his famous kite during a thunder storm. To the string of the kite he attached a metal key. Dripping wet, Franklin stood watching the kite go higher and higher, not knowing whether he would live to tell the story of his experiment. Finally he saw the fine threads of the kite string stand straight out. He raised his knuckle to the key and drew out an electric

spark. Again and again he repeated the experiment, proving to himself and the world that lightning and electricity were identical.

The story of Franklin's discovery was greeted with laughter by many scientists, but after scores of others had repeated his experiment, in one case at least with fatal results, his discovery was recognized as of the greatest importance.

In 1748 Franklin invited a group of friends to an electrical exhibition on the banks of the Schuylkill River. There before the eyes of his astonished friends he set up a group of Leyden jars, making what was the first electric battery in the world. With this battery he sent a current of electricity across the river and set fire to a spoonful of alcohol by an electric spark. He also electrocuted a ten-pound turkey which he offered to roast for them on an electric skillet. The news of these experiments attracted

the attention of scientists the world over, and won for Franklin the fame of discovering the first *practical use* for the mysterious electric current, that today lights our homes, drives our trolley cars and railroad trains, carries our messages either by telephone, telegraph or wireless, and serves man in hundreds of other ways.

Franklin's discovery was the beginning of what has come to be known as the "Age of Electricity." The greatest scientists say, however, that what we know about electricity is nothing to what will be known one hundred years from now. We stand on the edge of the future, and some of the boys of today will be the Franklins and Morses, the Edisons and Marconis of tomorrow.

If you wish to read the rest of the story of Franklin's life, you will find it delightfully told in his "Autobiography" which is one of our American literary classics.

Benjamin Franklin was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and in 1776 was sent as Ambassador to France where he rendered his country great service. He died in 1790 at eighty-four years of age, honored throughout the world for what he had been and for what he had done in the service of mankind.

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Can you answer these questions without referring to the book?

1. Make a list of four things which Franklin did for Philadelphia to make it a better city.
2. Recall one experiment which Franklin made with electricity.
3. Make a list of at least three important services Franklin performed for his country.
4. How old was Franklin when he died?

S. F. B. Morse and the Telegraph

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

fantastic: imaginary, unreal.

consorting: uniting or keeping company with.

predecessor: one who goes before; a guide or leader.

vindication: justification against denial.

skeptical: doubting.

BEFORE YOU READ THE STORY

One of the most interesting chapters in the "Story of Electricity" is the development of the telegraph told in the following section. This wonderful instrument was not born in a single day, or as the result of one man's labors. Thousands of men have worked many years to make it what it now is.

AS YOU READ THE STORY

Notice the following points:

1. The use of the needle telegraph in England in 1837.
2. Morse's work on the telegraph on ship board.
3. Morse's help from Congress by appropriations.
4. The final proof of the success of the telegraph.
5. The difficulties which Morse had to overcome.

For thousands of years primitive people had used flags, fire and smoke with which to signal or send messages from place to place. So early as 1837 Charles Wheatstone in England had invented a needle telegraph by which messages were spelled out with a pointed needle on a dial. After great difficulty he secured the erection of a telegraph line to Slough, about twenty-five miles from London. No one wanted to use the strange instrument, and no one would invest money in the enterprise.

One day a man in Slough committed a murder and escaped on the train for London. Wheatstone persuaded the authorities to let him telegraph a description of the man to the authorities in London. He did so, and the man was identified as he got off the train, arrested, and convicted. Everyone began to praise the telegraph, and within three years there were fifteen hundred miles of telegraph lines in England. Meanwhile several other men in America were working on the same idea. In 1832 Professor Joseph Henry had sent messages over a wire using a bell so the message could be read by sound.

In 1831 there was a young artist named Samuel F. B. Morse, who was returning from the study of art in Paris. On the steamship he met Dr. Charles T. Jackson of Boston, who had with him an electro-magnet that he had bought in England. In discussing the magnet,

Morse remarked that since Farraday had shown by his experiments that the passage of electric current through a wire was instantaneous, he believed that if this current could be broken, the resulting flashes could be used to send messages. Before he left the steamer, Morse had made drawings of the first telegraph instrument that *recorded on paper* messages sent by electricity. He laughingly said to the captain:

"Well, Captain, if you should hear of the telegraph one of these days as the wonder of the world, remember that the discovery was made on the good ship Sully."

Back of his idea, which made him both famous and rich, there was a story of struggle and disappointment that would have discouraged a boy and young man of less ambition.

Samuel F. B. Morse's father was a minister and the author of the first text

book in geography ever published in America. Young Morse was born in Charlestown, Massachusetts, in 1791, just one year after Franklin's death. He was always interested in drawing and painting and paid a part of his expenses at Yale College by painting miniatures at five dollars each. He graduated from Yale when only fifteen years old, and after studying art in Boston, went to England to continue his study there. One day he showed his teacher a head of Hercules that he had painted.

"Go on and finish it," said the teacher.

"But it is finished," said Morse.

"No, no, see here and here, and here, are places you can improve it."

Much ashamed, Morse went to work to improve the picture, but he learned the lesson of taking pains which was to be so useful to him in later life. He could not sell his paintings and after four years, returned to America to be-

come a traveling painter of portraits. After working several years, in poverty, he was appointed professor of art in the University of the City of New York. Fortunately one of his students became interested in his experiments in telegraphy and persuaded his father to furnish the materials for the completion of the first model of the telegraph.

In 1837 a young man named Alfred Vail saw this model, and the experimental line, and offered to borrow the two thousand dollars necessary to build a larger line, in exchange for a one-fourth interest in the invention. Morse was delighted with the offer and the larger line was soon built. The wonderful instrument was exhibited at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia. Still people were not interested. He and his friends spent the next seven years in trying to get Congress to appropriate thirty thousand dollars to build the first telegraph line between

Washington and Baltimore. Finally in 1843 the House of Representatives passed the bill, but the Senate hesitated. The last day of the session came and went. Shortly before closing time, Morse went back to his hotel, paid his bill and found he had exactly thirty-seven cents left. He went to bed utterly discouraged by his long and seemingly useless struggle.

The next morning as he came down to breakfast, a young lady stepped up and congratulated him on his success. Morse was too surprised to speak. It developed, however, that in the last hour of the session, the Senate had passed the bill appropriating thirty thousand dollars to build an experimental telegraph line from Washington to Baltimore.

Mr. Kirk who was then Post Master General of the United States, was given the supervision of the work, but he was frankly afraid to be associated with so fantastic an idea as sending messages

over a piece of wire. He said to one of his associates, "To be identified with Morse in such foolishness would be political suicide, for the whole business will be a miserable failure and Morse will be recognized as crazy, and men consorting with him will be looked upon with suspicion, as I think they will deserve to be."

It is hard to realize that men made fun of so great an invention as the telegraph.

After five miles of the line had been built, a Congressional Committee came out to test the results. Morse was in great glee. The day of his vindication had come.

"Now, gentlemen," he said, "pick out your own message, and I'll show you how simple the whole thing is and how it accomplishes everything that I have claimed for it."

One of the party suggested as a message the remark, "Mr. Brown of Indiana is here." Morse sat at a table bending over the sending machine.

"Tick, tick, tick — tick — tick" went the queer looking device. After a moment there came the same "tick — ticking" through the receiving machine at his side. Morse seized the tape of white paper and thrust it into the hands of the congressman with the air of a conqueror. The congressmen looked at the row of dots and dashes unmoved.

"See," said Morse, "it is the telegraphic alphabet. Here is the key to it. You will find printed there the very words you asked to have transmitted."

Sure enough, they spelled out the words "Mr. Brown of Indiana is here." But they were still skeptical. One congressman remarked "That won't do, that doesn't prove anything!" Morse was almost broken-hearted. The committee

went away more skeptical than ever. The public seemed to think Morse had played a trick upon them, by some sleight of hand.

In spite of his failure to convince Congress by his demonstration on the first five miles, Morse was determined to complete the line as planned from Washington to Baltimore.

When the line was completed to Annapolis Junction which is about one-half way to Baltimore, the National Convention of the Whig Party was held in Baltimore. Morse saw an opportunity for a new demonstration. He stationed a young operator at the Annapolis end of the line with instructions to get the report of the nominees of the convention when the train for Washington arrived and telegraph it ahead to him at Washington.

The capital was greatly excited and impatiently awaited the result of the

convention. Until the train arrived, however, nothing could be known. In his little machine shop sat Morse, now gray and worn with his long struggle, anxiously and hopefully watching the slightest move of the receiver. Suddenly the paper tape began to move and the machine began to tick off the news of the convention. A moment later, Morse announced to Mr. Kirk, the Post Master General, "The Convention has adjourned. The train for Washington has just left Annapolis Junction. The ticket is Clay and Frelinghuysen." The newspapers immediately issued "extras" with the important news "Sent by Telegraph."

An hour and a half later the train load of delegates drew into the railroad station at Washington and were astonished to find the news of the convention there before them. Surely something very mysterious had happened. They had seen and joked about Morse's

telegraph wires stretched along the railroad track. The public was at last convinced. Morse had won. He was no longer a dreamer, but a doer. He was greeted everywhere as a great inventor.

Shortly after this, Morse offered to sell his patent to the United States government for one hundred thousand dollars, but the offer was declined by Congress on the ground that no telegraph line could ever pay expenses.

A private company was then organized and lines built to New York and Philadelphia. Today the telegraph is one of the greatest servants of business and the public generally and is capitalized for hundreds of millions of dollars. In 1871 a statue was erected to Morse in Central Park, New York. The following year he presided at the dedication of a statue to Benjamin Franklin, his predecessor in the field of electricity. Mr. Morse caught a cold through exposure and died April

2nd, 1872. Thus ended the great work of a great man. His invention has brought fortunes to many, has provided employment for tens of thousands and added to the comfort, safety and happiness of all mankind. The man who had wanted to be a great artist had become a great inventor.

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Can you answer the following questions without referring to the book?

1. When was Samuel F. B. Morse born?
2. Write a paragraph of a few lines telling of his education, travel, and his great ambition.
3. What was the result of Morse's experiment on the first five miles of telegraph?
4. What was the first message sent over the wire?
5. At what price did Morse offer to sell his patent to the United States Government?
6. Explain: "The man who had wanted to be a great artist had become a great inventor."

Bell and the Telephone

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

elocution: style or manner of speaking or reading in public.

malady: disease or sickness.

infringement: unlawful use of trade mark or name, or of an invention patented.

transmission: sending, transferring.

BEFORE YOU READ THE STORY

Another thrilling chapter in the "Story of Electricity" concerns the development of the telephone. Every great inventor profits by the work of his predecessors. Without the work of hundreds of other investigators, Alexander Graham Bell could not have invented the telephone. Each man made his contribution until finally Bell had the ingenuity and the perseverance to combine all that was known of the subject into a practical invention that met a human need. This section tells of the man who made "iron talk."

AS YOU READ THE SECTION

Notice the following points:

1. Bell's early training and experience that especially fitted him for his life's work.
2. The completion of the first crude instrument over which sounds, not signals, could be transmitted.
3. Bell's experience at the Centennial Exposition.

Alexander Graham Bell was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1847. His mother was deaf and dumb, but his father had taught her to read his lips and also to speak. In fact his father who was a brilliant teacher of elocution had made himself equally famous as a teacher of deaf people. As a child Bell learned to talk with his mother and she could read his lips without difficulty. He naturally became interested in the study of speech, and like his father, became a

trained elocutionist. After graduating from the school in Edinburgh, he went to Germany and there received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

When he was twenty-one years of age, he went to London and there met Sir Charles Wheatstone, one of England's greatest scientists, who was experimenting with instruments for the transmission of sound. Wheatstone was sixty-seven years old, Bell a young man of twenty-one. This acquaintance aroused Bell's interest in the sciences and changed his whole career.

Soon after this, two of his brothers died of tuberculosis and the doctor reported that he himself was threatened by the terrible disease. Accompanied by his father he removed to the little Canadian town of Brantford, there to live an out-of-door life in a new and drier climate in the hope of escaping the deadly malady. For a time young Bell

taught his father's system of visible speech to the Mohawk Indians with great success. Meanwhile, he was rebuilding his health and preparing himself for a long life of usefulness.

While his father was lecturing on visible speech in Boston, he was offered a position to teach in Perkins Institute, a school for deaf people. His father declined the offer, but recommended his son for the position. Young Bell accepted, although only twenty-four years old and his work soon became the sensation of the city, and of the educational world. Boston University offered him a professorship, and he later opened his own School of Vocal Physiology.

The experiments in telegraphy and telephony which he had made in London were apparently forgotten in the wonderful work he was doing for the benefit of the deaf and dumb.

Not far from Boston, in the city of Salem, there lived a man named Thomas Sanders, who had a five year old boy who was a deaf mute. Hearing of young Bell's great success as a teacher, Mr. Sanders employed him to give private lessons to his son for thirty dollars a month. As a convenience it was arranged that Bell should live in the Sanders' home in Salem.

Another pupil who came to Bell for instruction at this time was a little fifteen year old girl named Mabel Hubbard, who had lost both her hearing and her speech as a result of scarlet fever when a baby.

One evening while Bell was calling at the Hubbard home, he illustrated on the piano some of the mysteries of sound.

"Did you know," he said, "that if I sing the note "G" close to the strings of the piano, the "G" string will answer me?"

Mr. Hubbard who was a lawyer asked what this indicated.

"It is evidence," said Bell, "that we may someday have a musical telegraph which will enable us to send as many messages over one wire as there are notes on that piano."

From that time, Mr. Hubbard encouraged Bell to continue his experiments in musical telegraphy. Having become interested again in the possibilities of musical telegraphy, he fitted up a laboratory in the basement of Mr. Sander's home. For three years he taught five-year-old George Sanders and fifteen-year-old Mabel Hubbard by day while he experimented in his basement laboratory at night. During these three years, Mabel Hubbard grew up to be a beautiful young woman and Bell came to be deeply in love with her. The following year they were married.

All the while Bell was filling the basement of the Sanders' home with wires, batteries, tuning forks, speaking trumpets, and other apparatus. He kept his experiments secret and no one but the Sanders family was allowed to enter his laboratory. All the while he was trying to substitute a machine that would *talk* for one that would *signal* like the telegraph. More than once he was on the point of giving it up and spending all his time in teaching the deaf and dumb, but he kept repeating to himself:

"If I can make a deaf mute talk, I can make iron talk."

About this time, he made a trip to Washington and there met Professor Joseph Henry, who had helped Morse a few years before in perfecting the telegraph. Bell had his model with him and explained it to Professor Henry, who immediately told him that he was on the track of a great discovery. With this

encouragement, he returned to Boston, hired a room for a shop, and employed an assistant named Thomas Watson at nine dollars a week. Mr. Sanders and Mr. Hubbard supplied the necessary money. For three years the two men worked incessantly, but it was not until June, 1875, that Bell had completed a crude instrument on which sounds — not signals — could be transmitted.

Bell was so enthusiastic over his device that he persuaded Sanders and Hubbard to finance him still further. Nine months later Bell stood in his workshop and talked into his telephone. Watson in the basement of the building heard the message over a wire. The telephone was an accomplished fact. All that remained was to improve it.

On his twenty-ninth birthday, Bell was granted his first patent covering the telephone which has been called "the most valuable single patent ever issued."

Within a month after he had finished his first telephone, the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition opened. Mr. Hubbard was one of the officials of the Exposition and through him Bell finally got a small table placed in a corner of the booth of the Department of Education for showing his new invention. Bell himself could not go as he did not have the necessary money for either car-fare or board. His fiancee, Miss Hubbard, was going to visit her father at the Exposition and Bell escorted her to the train. There she learned for the first time of his inability to attend the Exposition and demonstrate his invention. When Bell saw her weeping as the train pulled out, he dashed madly after it and climbed aboard. Thus without money or baggage did Alexander Graham Bell, the great inventor, attend the Centennial Exposition.

A few days after his arrival, the judges were to make their tour of inspection of

the exhibits. Bell finally got Mr. Hubbard to promise that the judges would stop and examine his telephone which everyone seemed to regard as a toy and hardly worthy of attention.

The inspection day arrived. Bell was there at his little table in a corner behind the stairway. The day passed but no judges came. Long after supper time the judges stopped in front of Bell's table. They were tired and protested that their work for that day was over. While they were standing there indifferent, something unusual happened.

Unannounced, and followed by a group of generals in brilliant uniforms, who should come up but His Majesty, the Emperor of Brazil. He greeted Bell as an old friend while the judges looked on in amazement. What had this young man done to attract the attention of the Emperor of Brazil?

It happened that some years before, the Emperor had visited Bell's school for deaf mutes in Boston and had become his loyal friend. The Emperor wanted to examine Bell's new telephone whether the judges did or not. Bell showed him how to hold the receiver while he went to the transmitter at the other end of the room. Bell spoke a few words into the transmitter. Throwing up his hands the Emperor of Brazil shouted, "It talks! It talks!"

One by one the judges followed the Emperor's example and all were amazed to hear a human voice talking over a copper wire. Sir William Thomson, England's greatest scientist, who was one of the judges said later, "Mr. Bell's telephone was the most wonderful thing I saw in America."

The next morning, Bell's telephone was moved from its obscure corner to a prominent place and from that time it

was the wonder of the Exposition.

After the close of the Exposition, Bell was in great demand as a lecturer to demonstrate the mysterious power of the telephone. The fees for these lectures were the first income Bell ever received from his great invention. These lectures were so popular and so profitable that Bell felt able to marry and take his bride, whom he had taught to speak, to Europe for a wedding trip. His lectures in England aroused great enthusiasm and made his trip a profitable one.

Mr. Hubbard, Bell's father-in-law, who was a brilliant lawyer, took charge of the organization and promotion of the first "Bell Telephone Association." For a number of years there were many infringements of Bell's patents, but he was finally able to establish the fact that he was the first inventor of a practical telephone for transmitting human speech.

By patient study and hard work in the

face of great odds, he made himself one of America's greatest inventors. His invention is now in use the world over. It has created billions of dollars of new wealth and saved money and time and human lives.

When you go to the telephone to call up a friend, don't forget the little Scotch boy who "made the iron talk." Perhaps, who knows, you may be able to do an equally great thing for yourself and for the world—for you have the same chance that he had.

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Can you answer the following questions without referring to the book?

1. Who was Mabel Hubbard?
2. Recall the meeting of Bell and the Emperor of Brazil.
3. How did Bell make "iron talk"?
4. What was the first income Bell received from his invention?

Edison and the Electric Light

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

initiative: to make the introductory step; self-reliant.

endorse: to write on the back of.

BEFORE YOU READ THE SECTION

To-day millions of incandescent lamps are making homes brighter, offices and factories more efficient, and the dark places of the world light. This section is the story of many inventions leading to the final completion of such a light and of a small newsboy who grew up to be its inventor—and the greatest inventor of his time.

AS YOU READ THE SECTION

Notice the following points:

1. The need for better means of lighting.
2. Edison as the boy editor of the "Weekly Herald".
3. Edison's first experiments in chemistry.
4. Edison's experience in the employ of the Gold Reporting Telegraph Company.
5. The discovery of the famous incandescent lamp.

The first lamps were the flaming pine torches of early colonial days. They gave a dim and fluttering light and the pine tar dripped over the floor of the log cabin. They were smoky and dirty.

Then someone discovered that candles could be made by dipping a piece of string in melted tallow or wax. Candles gave a soft and steady light but lit only a small space. They were slow and expensive to make and it was not long before whale oil lamps were invented with the oil in a tin or glass container and the wick thrust through a floating cork.

But people were not satisfied. They wanted a light that would be cleaner and more brilliant. Then about seventy-five years ago, someone made a kerosene lamp and thousands of homes in the country are still lighted by these kerosene lamps.

From the first discovery of electricity many people dreamed of the day when houses would be lighted by it. The arc light with its white hot spot of light between the two sticks of carbon were in use in light-houses and for street lighting. All these lights were based on the breaking of the electric circuit. It was found that

if a heavy current was sent through a small wire, it became hot and eventually rose to a white heat and sent forth a soft and steady light. Here was the beginning of the incandescent lamp.

Later they found that if a fine platinum wire was enclosed in a glass bulb and the air exhausted with an air pump, the wire lasted longer and gave a more brilliant light. Recently they have discovered that if argon gas is enclosed in the glass bulb, the filament gives a still greater light. This is the incandescent lamp in use today for lighting homes, offices and factories.

The story of the man who has done more than anyone else to perfect the incandescent lamp is the story of a little newsboy who became the greatest inventor America has ever known. His name is Thomas Alva Edison. Edison's great grandfather came from Holland and was a prominent banker in New York. When the Revolutionary War broke out, he took the side

of England. On this account, he was forced to move to Nova Scotia.

Thomas A. Edison's father later moved to Detroit and still later to a little village called Milan in Ohio. It was here that Thomas A. was born on February 11th, 1847. His father was in the grain and lumber business and Thomas had a happy and carefree boyhood playing about the flour mill, the elevator, the lumber yard, the canal and the shores of the little lake. When he was seven years old, his father moved to Port Huron near the boundary line between Michigan and Canada. As they lived on a farm his mother taught him his lessons and he proved a quick and eager scholar. He read almost everything he could find and early became interested in scientific experiments.

When only twelve years of age, he decided to go to work and applied for a position as "trainboy" on the railroad

running from Port Huron to Detroit. He secured the position and for several years sold newspapers, fruit, candies and trinkets to the passengers and frequently made a profit of ten dollars a week. While waiting in Detroit for the return trip, he started out to read through the Public Library. He finally gave up this idea but not until he had read hundreds of helpful books.

As a boy he always had his eyes open for new ways to earn money. He bought fruit and vegetables from the farmers along the route and sold them in Detroit at a good profit. When an emigrant train went through, he hired an assistant. While he sent a part of each day's earning to his mother, he spent a large part of it for the purchase of books and on experiments in chemistry. The conductor of the train liked the energetic, good-natured boy and permitted him to install a cabinet for his bottles, tubes, and other apparatus in one corner of the baggage car.

About this time the war for the Union broke out, and people were eager for the latest news. In April, 1862, the battle of Shiloh was fought with terrible losses on both sides. When Edison heard the news in the office of the "Detroit Free Press" he telegraphed every station agent along his route to post on the station bulletin board the news of the battle and the number killed and offered each of them a free subscription to the paper for their work. This created a big demand for the papers. Edison had no money but arranged with the editor to give him credit for one thousand copies which he quickly sold at prices ranging from five to twenty-five cents apiece.

This experience suggested the publication of a little newspaper on the train. He bought a small press and type and set them up in the baggage car. Between stations he set up and printed the "Weekly Herald" which he sold at three cents a

copy. Several hundred copies were printed each week at a profit of forty dollars a month. The paper was so unusual that it attracted wide attention being written up in the "London Times" in England. How many boys fifteen years old would have had the initiative and energy to publish a paper on a moving train and at the same time hold a position as newsboy?

It was his experiments in chemistry that caused his first mishap. One day the train stopped with a violent jar and knocked a bottle of phosphorus from his cabinet to the floor where it immediately burst into flame. The whole baggage car caught on fire, and the angry conductor flung Edison with his printing outfit and his laboratory out on the platform of the next station. Incidentally the conductor boxed his ears so vigorously that he injured them, which later resulted in permanent deafness.

Fifteen-year old Edison standing in the midst of his wrecked printing plant and chemical laboratory on the station platform with his ears stinging from the angry conductor's blows,. made a discouraging picture. But Edison was not discouraged. He moved his printing plant and laboratory to the basement of his father's house in Port Huron.

With one of his chums named John Ward, he built a telegraph from his basement workshop to his chum's house. The boys would often sit up till past midnight talking to each other by telegraph. After a few weeks a neighbor's cow ran into their line where it went through the orchard, and completely wrecked it.

One day when Edison was only fifteen years old, and the train was pulling into Mount Clemens, Michigan, he saw on a side track the two-and-a-half year old child of the station agent playing with

pebbles while a moving car that had been uncoupled from another train was bearing down on her. Edison dropped his bundle of papers and leaped for the little child. There was not a moment to spare. They rolled over and over on the dirt, but neither was injured.

Mackenzie, the station agent, wanted to show his gratitude for the brave deed. He offered to teach the boy how to operate a telegraph instrument correctly. Edison was delighted and within ten days had made a set of instruments which worked perfectly much to the amazement of the station agent. Edison sometimes spent ten hours at a time practicing on his instrument and soon became an expert telegrapher. After a few months he built a telegraph line from Port Huron to the railway station one mile away, but during the first month only three messages were sent and the line was given up.

Soon after this the railroad telegraph operator at Port Huron resigned and recommended Edison the fifteen-year old boy as his successor. The year following he was night operator at Stratford, Canada, at a salary of twenty-five dollars a month.

Edison was now fully launched on his career. He had unbounded energy, initiative and a faculty for doing everything well, and an eager mind that was always hungry for new information in any field. His initiative was shown during a winter flood when the ice broke the cable connecting Port Huron and Sarnia across the river a half mile wide. There was no way to communicate between the two towns. Young Edison climbed into the cab of a locomotive and began to blow the whistle at longer and shorter intervals using the Morse telegraphic code which was soon recognized and communication thus established.

During the next few years, Edison served as telegraph operator at Adrian, Fort Wayne, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Louisville and Memphis, all the while continuing his reading, experimenting and self-instruction. Long before he was eighteen he was earning one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month.

While in Louisville, Edison heard wonderful tales of opportunities in Brazil, South America, and with two friends went to New Orleans to take the steamer, but fortunately he fell in with an old Spaniard who had lived in South America and who urged him to give up the trip. Young Edison decided to remain in the United States. His two friends went ahead and a few years later he heard of their death by yellow fever. It is difficult to imagine what the development of industry in this country would have been if Edison had carried out his plan to seek his fortune in Brazil.

Edison returned to his former position at Louisville where he soon had an opportunity to distinguish himself by taking down over the wire the message to Congress by President Johnson. To do this he sat at his post for thirteen hours and delivered the message to the newspapers in such fine shape that the editors of all the Louisville papers gave him a public banquet which would have turned the head of many an eighteen-year old boy.

During his spare time he was continually experimenting in both chemistry and telegraphy. One night he had the misfortune to spill a large container of sulphuric acid which ran over the desk and ruined the carpet in the manager's office. The next morning he was told that they needed telegraph operators, not experimental chemists.

Chagrinned by his dismissal, he wrote to his friend Milton Adams in Boston

who found him a place as an operator in the Western Union Office in that city. Here Edison became so interested in his experimental work that he often forgot to eat, drink or sleep. One day on the way home he said, "Adams, I've got so much to do, and life is so short that I've got to hustle," and forthwith he broke into a run.

It was in Boston on June 1st, 1869, that Edison then twenty-two years old, took out his first patent which was a voting machine. The politicians, however, objected to the machine and it was never used. The same year he discovered a way to send two and later four messages by telegraph over the same wire at the same time at a saving of millions of dollars. He got together eight hundred dollars and made his first duplex telegraph instrument, trying it out between Rochester and New York. The experiment was a failure, but Edison

was not discouraged. Without stopping to get his things together, he bought a ticket for New York, determined to try to sell his invention to one of the large telegraph companies. When he landed in New York, he was without a penny. He borrowed a dollar from another operator and had an apple dumpling and a cup of coffee for breakfast. While waiting to apply for a position with the Gold Reporting Telegraph Company, a complicated instrument that sent dispatches all over the city suddenly stopped working. The whole office was immediately in an uproar. Hundreds of brokers' clerks began to pour into the room. Wall Street must know the fluctuating price of gold.

Edison examined the instrument, quickly saw what was the matter and corrected it. The president of the company called Edison to his private office and appointed him superintendent of all the machines

at a salary of three thousand six hundred dollars a year. Three hundred dollars a month at twenty-two years of age.

Edison accepted the position and for months worked twenty hours a day, making many improvements in the machine. One day the head of the company said to him:

"See here, young man, I want the entire lot of your inventions, what will you take for them?"

Based on the time he had spent on them, Edison thought they ought to be worth at least five thousand dollars, but he did not dare to suggest so large a sum. At last he replied:

"Make me an offer and I will consider it."

"What would you say to forty thousand dollars?"

Although his heart was beating so loudly that he thought everyone could hear it he managed to reply, "All right."

Within the day the contract was signed, and Edison was handed a check for forty thousand dollars on a New York Bank. He took the check to the bank to be cashed, but being slightly deaf he did not understand the remark of the bank clerk. Not getting the money, he took the check back to the president of the company who showed him how to endorse a check on the back and then went with him to the bank where Edison insisted on having the entire sum in bills. As Edison left the bank, every pocket in both his suit and overcoat were bulging with bills. He spent a sleepless night for fear of being robbed and the next day on the advice of a friend he deposited the money in a bank and opened an account.

Here was a turning point in young Edison's career. Would his sudden fame and prosperity ruin him or leave him free to devote himself to making still

greater inventions? He was too sensible and too well balanced to be spoiled by money. He rented a four story building in Newark, New Jersey, and set himself at work with redoubled energy on new inventions and was soon employing fifty workmen.

After three years, when only twenty-five years old, he had accumulated the extraordinary sum of four hundred thousand dollars. With this he built a new factory comprising seven buildings at West Orange, New Jersey, twenty miles from New York, where he still lives and works. In his laboratories he has scores of assistants working continuously on new inventions or improving old ones, for Edison is never satisfied until a thing is as good as he knows how to make it. When twenty-nine years old he invented an improved transmitter for the telephone which the Western Union Telegraph Company wished to purchase. Edison

hoped for at least twenty-five thousand dollars, but he again asked them to make him an offer. They offered one hundred thousand dollars which Edison accepted. A little later he invented a device for sending messages at the rate of twelve thousand words a minute. Again the Western Union offered him one hundred thousand dollars for his invention.

When only thirty years old Edison invented a machine that would record the human voice on a wax cylinder and then reproduce it for all to hear. He named it a "Phonograph." Edison has said that this is the only one of his many inventions that was the result of accident. All the others are the result of days and weeks and often years of study and toil. The news of the phonograph soon spread throughout the world and caused great discussion, but it was ten years before it was a commercial success.

Perhaps the greatest of all Edison's inventions, because it has done the greatest good, is the incandescent lamp that is now used wherever there is electricity. It is hard to realize what our homes, our offices, our factories, and our streets would be like without Edison's electric light. The nineteenth century was born under the dim light of the tallow candle and kerosene lamp; it went out with the electric lamp making the darkest places light.

After his invention of the phonograph, Edison seriously took up the problem of creating an electric lamp that could be used solely for lighting homes. He began by using a fine platinum filament, but discarded it for a filament of carbon. After months of labor he found that this was unsatisfactory and went back to experimenting again with platinum. Month after month went by without success. One little detail was lacking. He had

already spent forty thousand dollars on his experiments. Everyone knew that Edison was working on the unsolved problem of a satisfactory electric light. All eyes were on West Orange.

In 1878 a number of wealthy men in New York got together and placed a great sum of money at Edison's disposal with which to continue his experiments. A company was organized, and shares issued that rose rapidly in value. This was a remarkable tribute to Edison for his invention was not yet completed.

From that time all the thought and energy of Edison and his assistants at West Orange were devoted to finding a filament that would burn at least forty-eight hours without breaking. Little by little they came to believe that the only substance they could use was the fibre of some plant. But what plant? Edison sent his agents to all parts of the world in search of plant fibres. One of these

brought back from the heart of South America a curious kind of bamboo whose filament when carbonized showed unusual flexibility and great resistance to the electric current.

By October 1, 1879, the famous incandescent lamp was an accomplished fact. After three days of sleepless work and numerous failures the finished lamp had burned without interruption for forty-eight hours. Then Edison and his assistants went to bed with the knowledge that they had solved the problem of electric lighting. While he slept the story of his achievement was flashed around the world. The value of the stock in his company rose from one hundred and six dollars to three thousand dollars a share. On December 31st of that year thousands of visitors came to West Orange to see the first one hundred incandescent lamps ever made, strung along the streets and used for lighting houses.

At the Paris Exposition of 1881, the Munich Exposition in 1882, Vienna in 1883 and Philadelphia in 1884, Edison's marvelous lamps were the wonder of both scientists and the general public.

In 1883 Edison turned his attention to developing an electric railway and his achievement in the field of transportation has been almost as great as in the field of lighting.

One day a business man asked Edison to invent something that would relieve him of his heavy correspondence. Soon after Edison sent him a device that developed into the mimeograph that is used the world over for duplicating letters.

Another wonderful story is his invention of the motion picture machine which has revolutionized the popular theatre. He has already invented the phonocinematograph which reproduces the human voice and other sounds simultaneously with the projection of the motion pictures

on the screen. In this way he makes the characters talk as well as act.

In spite of all that Edison has done he is still unsatisfied. He has created billions of dollars of new wealth. He has furnished employment for millions of people, yet he has hundreds of incomplete inventions upon which he is at work. He goes every day to his laboratory and there in his coarse chemical-spotted mechanic's garb he works intensely for twelve to fifteen hours a day in trying to unlock still more of nature's mysteries for the benefit of mankind.

He has had many honors bestowed upon him, he is loved and honored as one of the greatest men America has ever produced. Yet Edison was once a little boy in the public school. At twelve years of age he began to earn his own living as a newsboy on a train. By his energy, his initiative, his will to solve the problem before him, he has developed his

mind and trained his hand until he is known the world over as the greatest inventor that ever lived. Someone asked him the secret of success. He replied, "The secret of success is the ability to apply your physical and mental energies *to one problem* incessantly without growing weary."

It takes years to develop this ability to concentrate on the work you are doing until it is done. Edison began to develop it when he was a boy in school by studying his lessons until he knew them thoroughly. Some boy in some public school somewhere in the United States is now preparing himself to be Edison's successor in the field of invention. Other boys by their faithfulness in study, unconsciously perhaps, are preparing themselves to be great lawyers, ministers, bankers, writers, doctors, surgeons and business men of the next fifty years.

The story of electricity is only begun. Other chapters must be written by other men. The inventors of the past have opened the door for the men of tomorrow. On the door is the word "Opportunity".

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Can you answer the first five questions without referring to the book?

1. Why was Edison first taught to operate a telegraph correctly?
2. How might Edison's contemplated trip to Brazil have affected the development of industry?
3. For what machine was Edison's first patent issued?
4. Which one of Edison's inventions was the result of accident?
5. List at least six inventions which Edison has perfected.
6. Turn to your book and find the secret of Edison's success. Memorize it.

Marconi and "Wireless"

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

skepticism: doubting state of mind, unbelief in.

BEFORE YOU READ THIS SECTION

You have read of the long study and hard work it took to transmit messages by wire, first by telegraph, and then by telephone.

In this section you will read about a man who found a way to transmit messages *without* a wire. In 1901 he sent a message by "wireless" across the Atlantic Ocean.

AS YOU READ THIS SECTION

Notice the following points:
1. Where and when Marconi was born.
2. Where he was educated.
3. His contribution to the "Story of Electricity."

No sooner had Morse learned how to send messages with wires than other men in America began a search for a way to send them *without wires*. They learned to telegraph through the earth and through water, and Thomas A. Edison even telegraphed from a moving train.

Meanwhile, English scientists were working on the same problem of sending messages without wires by the use of electric waves. Everyone felt that "wireless" telegraphy was not far away. It remained, however, for an Italian boy named Guglielmo Marconi, to claim the honor of producing the first practical wireless.

Marconi was born near Bologna in Italy on April 25th, 1874. His mother was an Irish woman and he learned to

speak English as well as he could Italian. He studied at Florence, and later at Rugby, the famous boy's school in England. From boyhood, he had been interested in scientific facts and spent hours poring over scientific books and magazines. He read about the electric waves discovered by Professor Hertz, a young German scientist, and it occurred to him that "wireless telegraphy" might be achieved through their use.

Finally he decided to experiment himself. His father furnished him money to buy apparatus and he soon had a jungle of wires about his father's farm. By 1896 this Italian youth of twenty-two had mastered the use of the Hertzian waves and was ready to announce his invention to the world. He went to England in June, 1896, and applied for a patent on wireless telegraphy. The skepticism which met Morse with his telegraph and Bell with his telephone also met Marconi.

Scientists who had tried to invent the "wireless" but failed, now came forward and claimed Marconi's invention as their own.

Young Marconi kept experimenting and improving his apparatus. In the summer of 1898 the Prince of Wales was lying ill on his yacht. Queen Victoria asked Marconi to establish wireless communication. He did so, and one hundred and fifty messages passed between the Prince and Queen Victoria. By 1901, Marconi was able to send a wireless message across the Atlantic Ocean. In 1909, the great passenger ship "Republic" collided with another vessel off New York harbor. The wireless which they had on board called for help and the lives of hundreds of passengers and crew were saved. The United States government now requires every passenger ship to carry a wireless equipment and a trained operator. During the world war the wireless proved of great use to all nations—the Germans even equipping their aircraft with wireless.

Today thousands of boys have made their own wireless outfits and by "tuning in" on the various stations they can sit in their own homes and listen to great speakers and beautiful concerts in cities hundreds of miles away.

Mr. Marconi says it will be only a short time before we can "talk around the world" with the aid of the wireless. No one knows what new and wonderful discoveries are yet to come in the field of "wireless" and the "radio". The boys of today who will be the inventors of tomorrow are sure to do their part in unlocking still more of nature's mysteries.

—Edwin Osgood Grover

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Can you answer the following questions without referring to the book?

1. What were Marconi's early boyhood interests?
2. Recall the incident of Queen Victoria communicating with the Prince of Wales by wireless.
3. What is Marconi's prediction about "talking around the earth?"
4. What requirement does the United States government enforce concerning wireless equipment on vessels?
5. Which of these electrical discoveries do you consider most important? Give reasons for your answer.

ROBIN HOOD

Robin the Outlaw

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

slinking: sneaking
tunic: a garment without sleeves.
venturesome: daring.
bole: trunk of a tree.
archery: the use of bow and arrows.

BEFORE YOU READ THE STORY

As King Arthur was the hero of the knightly classes of England in feudal times, so Robin Hood was the hero of the common people. The serf and the yeomen were tied to their fields and their unvarying round of labor by the shackles of custom; any offence against the laws was visited with swift and harsh punishment. It was sweet, therefore, in hours of leisure, to hear songs about the bold outlaw, Robin Hood, who once had been as bound by set laws as they, but who had fled to the freedom of the forest, where, with cool daring and thrilling deeds he laughed to scorn the harsh laws of the king, and waged war upon all those rich, proud lords who were the enemies of the humble folk.

Nor are the virtues ascribed to Robin Hood by the makers of the ballads less worthy than those which were said to be possessed by King Arthur. Certainly Robin was an outlaw, but his great redeeming features were gentleness and generosity. He was always good-humored and genial, and took a beating in good part. Noble in bearing, his courteous dignity lifted him high above the ordinary rough manners of his time. Moreover, he was religious and respected the religion of his mother and for her sake he treated all women with the greatest courtesy, and would not harm any who were in their company. Most of all, he was helpful to the poor, the hungry and the distressed, and he gave liberally to humble folk.

Robin Hood, indeed, is as gallant and generous a hero as

any to be found in English literature, and while delight in the greenwood, and love of wild things continue to glow in the hearts of healthy boys and girls, tales of Robin Hood and his outlaws will always be welcome. In the first section which follows you will be introduced to Robin Hood in his home in Sherwood Forest.

AS YOU READ THE SECTION

Notice the following points:
1. The description of Robin Hood.
2. The ruler of the country in the absence of the king.

It was high noon in summer time, and Sherwood Forest seemed to sleep. Hardly a breeze stirred the broad fans of the oak leaves, and the only sound was the low hum of insects which flew to and fro unceasingly in the cool twilight under the wide-spreading boughs.

So quiet did it seem and so lonely, that one might almost think that nothing but the wild red deer, or his fierce enemy, the slinking wolf, had ever walked this way since the beginning of the world. There was a little path worn among the thick bushes of hazel, dogberry and traveler's joy, but so narrow was it and so faint that it could well have been

worn by the slender, fleeting feet of the doe, or even by the hares and rabbits which had their home in a great bank among the roots of a beech near by.

Few, indeed, were the folks that ever came this way, for it was in the loneliest part of Sherwood Forest. Besides, who had any right to come here save it was the king's foresters keeping strict watch and ward over the king's deer? Nevertheless, the rabbits which should have been feeding before their holes, or playing their mad pranks, seemed to have bolted into their burrows as if scared by something which had passed that way. Only now, indeed, were one or two peeping out to see that things were quiet again. Then a venturesome bunny suddenly scampered out, and in a moment others trooped forth.

A little way beyond the bank, where the rabbits were now nibbling or darting off in little mad rushes, the path made

a bend, and then the giant trunks of the trees were fewer, and more light came through from the sky. Suddenly the trees ceased, and the little sly path ran into a wide glade where grass grew, and bushes of holly and hazel stood here and there.

A man stood close by the path, behind a tree, and looked out into the glade. He was dressed in a tunic made of a rough green cloth, open at the top, and showing a bronzed neck. Around his waist was a broad leathern girdle in which were stuck three long arrows. Short breeches of soft leather covered his thighs, below which he wore hose of green wool, which reached to his feet. The latter were encased in shoes of stout pigs leather.

His head of dark brown curls was covered by a velvet cap, at the side of which was stuck a short feather, pulled from the wing of a plover. His face

bronzed to a ruddy tan by wind and weather, was open and frank, his eye shone like a wild bird's, and was as fearless and as noble. Great of limb was he, and seemingly of a strength beyond his age, which was about twenty-five years. In one hand he carried a long-bow, while the other rested on the smooth bole of the beech before him.

This man was Robert, Earl of Huntington, now known as Robin Hood. Unjustly outlawed by Prince John, who ruled in the absence of the king, debarred from all rights to his castle and estates, with a price on his head, Robin had chosen Sherwood Forest for his home. There he and his followers, men oppressed by this same prince and his evil knights, lived under the greenwood trees, and hunted deer for food. Their weapons were arrows and they learned to shoot them straight and true, for, said Robin, "You shall be the greatest

archers in the land."

Clothed in green in summer and in brown in winter, this band of brave and true men lived in seclusion. They practiced archery, until the black arrow became known as the sign that Robin Hood and his band were watching for signs of evil and oppression.

Soon Robin turned and plunged into the thick undergrowth. He looked up at the sun and quickened his pace, for he saw it was two hours past noon. He reached the trees, and threading his way unerringly among them, he struck southward toward the road that led him to his men.

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Test yourself on these exercises without referring to the story:

1. At what time of day and what time of year does the story open?
2. Write a paragraph of a few lines describing Robin Hood's appearance.
3. What was the "sign" of Robin Hood? How did it come to be used and what did it mean?
4. What was the chief occupation of Robin Hood and his men?

Robin's Merry Men

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

peasant: a countryman; a tiller of the soil.

deftness: the quality of being clever or handy.

domain: pertaining to an estate.

serfdom: state of being a slave.

yeoman: a man free-born.

couching: lying, reclining.

harbor: to lodge, to take shelter.

supersede: to displace, to set aside.

BEFORE YOU READ THE SECTION

Here you have a charming picture of life with Robin Hood at Sherwood Forest. At the same time you are told of the suffering and oppression of the common people in England. Life in Sherwood Forest seems almost a picnic, but there are certain tasks to be done and certain laws to be obeyed—even among "outlaws."

"Much" the Miller's son, sees a mysterious little person —"no bigger than a boy" hiding behind a fern. This section will tell you what it is!

AS YOU READ THE SECTION

Notice the following points:

1. The suffering of Will the Bowman, at the hands of Sir Guy of Gisborne.
2. Robin Hood's rules for right living in Sherwood Forest.
3. Much's brownie.

It was in a small glade deep in the heart of Sherwood Forest where the outlaws gathered, and was known to them as the Stane Lea or Stanley. At one

side of it a little rivulet gurgled over its pebbles, and at the other end stood a great standing stone, green with moss, where, doubtless, ages before, the skin-clad warriors of the forest had come with their prayers to the spirit of the great chief who was buried beneath it. Beside the brook knelt Scadlock and his fellow cook, cleaning the wooden platters which had just been used, by the simple process of rubbing them with sand in the clear running water.

"Ay, lads, but this be bliss indeed!"

The speaker was Much the Miller's son. He gave a great sigh of satisfaction, and settled himself more comfortably on the green grass. Sighs of satisfaction answered him from others of the twenty forms lying under the deep shadow of the trees.

The sunlight of the hot July day fell on the water through spaces between the slowly bending leaves, and in the

deep green gloom the rays shone like bars of gold. Most of the peasants lay on their backs, feeling pure enjoyment in looking up into the waving masses of leaves above their heads, through which, like flaming spear-heads, the sunlight slid now and then as the gentle summer breeze stirred the boughs of the trees. After a full meal, and with the soft air blowing upon their cheeks, these poor outlaws tasted such happiness as had never before been their lot. Little Gilbert, his cheek now ruddy with health, sat beside Scarlet shaping arrows with a knife.

Seated with his back against the trunk of a fallen elm was Robin, his bearing as bold, his eye as keen and fearless and his look as noble now as when a short month ago he was not an outlaw.

Strict had been his rule of these twenty men who had come to the greenwood with him and had chosen him as their

leader. Slow of step and of movement they were, but he knew that the lives of all of them depended upon their learning quickly the use of the longbow. Every day, therefore, he had made them go through set tasks. Most of them were but young men, and he had hopes that very soon they would gain quickness of eye and deftness of hand.

"What should we be doing now," murmured Dickson the Carpenter, "if we were still bondsmen in the village?"

"I should be feeding the lord's gray swine or ploughing his domain," said Long Peter, "while my own fields grew rank with weeds."

"I," said Will Stuteley bitterly, "cannot forget the evil man who broke my poor lad's heart. When I feel I should be happiest, I think and grieve for him the most. Oh, that he were here!"

No one spoke for a few moments. All felt that although all had suffered, Will

the Bowman had suffered most bitterly from the heartlessness of Sir Guy of Gisborne's treacherous dealing. Will had had a son, a peasant of course, like himself. But the lad had gone away to Grimsby, had lived there for a year and a day in the service of a shipman, and thus had got his freedom. Then he had saved all he could, toiling manfully day and night, to get sufficient money to buy his father's freedom. He had scraped and starved to win the twenty marks that meant the end of his father's serfdom. At length he had saved the amount, and then had gone to Sir Guy and offered it for his father's freedom. Sir Guy seized him and cast him into prison, and took the money from him. Then witnesses were found to swear in the manor court that the young man had been seen in his father's hut during the year and a day, and by this Sir Guy claimed him as his serf. As to the

money he had saved — "all that a serf got was got for his lord" was an old law that none could deny. The young man, broken in health and spirit, had been released, had worked in the manor fields dumb and dazed with sorrow, and at length one night had been found dead.

"And I," said Scarlet, leaning on his left elbow and raising his clenched right hand in the air, "should have died in prison for shooting the deer in the Greenwood when my sister's son, little Gilbert, lay dying of hunger."

"Master," said Much the Miller's son, "it seemeth to me that we be all poor men who have suffered evil from those who have power. Surely now that we are outlaws thou shouldst give us some rule whereby we may know how to live and how to right the wrongs of the poor and oppressed."

"It was in my mind to speak to you of such things," said Robin.

"First, I will have you hurt no woman, nor any company in which a woman is found. I remember my sweet mother, and I will, therefore, that you shield all women.

"Look to it, also that ye do not any harm to any honest peasant who tilleth his soil in peace, nor to good yeomen, wherever you meet them.

"Knights, also, and squires who are not proud, but who are good fellows, ye shall treat with all kindness.

"But I tell thee this, and bear it well in mind — aid the suffering! feed the hungry! right the evils of oppression whenever such you may find. The black arrow shall be the warning."

"Yea, yea!" shouted the outlaws, moved by the fire which had been in Robin's voice and in his eyes. "This we will do."

"And now, lads," went on Robin, "though we be outlaws, and beyond men's

laws, we are still within God's justice and mercy. This remember. Now to our tasks."

The outlaws in single file followed their leader through the leafy ways of the forest, winding in and out beside the giant trees, across the fern-spread glades whence the red deer and the couching doe sprang away in affright, wading across brooks and streams, skirting some high cliff or rocky dell.

Suddenly Much, who walked beside Robin, stopped as they entered a glade.

"Look!" he said, pointing to the other side. "'Tis an elf — a brownie! I saw it step forth for a moment. 'Tis no bigger than a boy. It is hiding behind that fern. But this bolt shall find it if 'tis still there!"

He raised his bow and notched an arrow, but Robin struck down his wrist, and the arrow shot into the earth a few yards ahead of them.

"The brownies are my friends," said Robin laughing, "and will be yours, too, if you deserve such friendship. Hark you, Much, and all my merry fellows. Shoot nothing in the forest which shows no desire to hurt thee, unless it is for food. So shall ye win the service of all good spirits and powers that harbor here or in heaven."

The men wondered what Robin meant, and during the remainder of their walk they kept a keen lookout for a sight of Much's brownie. But never a glimpse did they get of it, and at length they began to chaff Much, saying he had eaten too much venison, and took spots before his eyes to be fairies. But he persisted in asserting that he had seen a little man, "dark of face and hair, no bigger than a child. A sun-ray struck him as he moved," he said, "and I saw the hairy arm of him with the sunlight on him."

"'Twas no more than a squirrel!" said one, "and Much took his brush for a man's arm."

"Or else Much is bewitched," said another. "I said he slept in a fairy ring the other night."

"I tell thee it was Puck himself, or Puck's brother," said Much with a laugh, who now began almost to doubt his own eyes, and so stopped their chaffing by joining in the laughter himself.

On they went till they reached a straight road, made centuries before by the Romans. Across the road, some five hundred yards from where they stood, were set the targets, rough, shield-shaped boards on which were painted black circles around the bull's eye. Half a dozen of Robin's good archers stood holding their long bows, ready to shoot.

These long bows were beginning to supersede the crossbows in England. A crossbow was about four feet long, and

consisted of a bow fixed crosswise on a stock, and discharged with a trigger. Almost any person could discharge one, but not always with certain aim.

The long bow could be used only by a strong man. It was six feet long, and carried an arrow three feet in length. When properly shot, the arrow had such force that it could penetrate a four-inch door. The usual range was from three hundred to five hundred yards. All of Robin's men, however, could shoot from five hundred to six hundred yards, and he himself could hit a mark at eight hundred yards.

One of the archers, whom Robin had called to shoot, stepped to the middle of the road. He put his left foot a little forward, set his arrow into his right hand, lifted the bow, took careful aim, stretched his arm, and drew the arrow. With a loud whirring noise it sailed to its mark, and a shout from the archers near the

target proclaimed that he had come close to the bull's-eye.

"Good shooting, indeed!" said Robin. "Each of my men is worth four."

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Can you answer the following questions without referring to the book?

1. Make a list of at least three rules laid down by Robin Hood.
2. Why was Will the Bowman to be greatly pitied?
3. What was the long bow and why was it used by Robin Hood's men?

Alan-a-Dale

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

skewer: a pin of wood or metal.

futile: vain, useless.

affrighted: frightened.

rant: to scold or speak angrily.

BEFORE YOU READ THE SECTION

In this section you are introduced to one of Robin's staunchest friends, Alan-a-Dale, and are told how selfishness on the part of one of the king's foresters was justly punished. Would you have done what John did?

AS YOU READ THE SECTION

Notice the following points:

1. John's treatment of Black Hugo.
2. Hugo's anger when found by Robin and Allan-a-Dale securely bound.

In another part of the forest a man was passing along a thickly wooded trail. He was a tall man, with great limbs, which gave evidence of enormous strength, and he was dressed in the rough homespun garb of a peasant.

Suddenly he paused, "What a right sweet smell!" he said, and lifting up his head, sniffed the sunlit air of the forest. "How hungry I am! Let me seek out the source of this most savory odor."

Saying this, John pushed aside the bushes and stole in the direction of the smell. He had not gone far before he found a hut of wood, its roof formed of turf in which grew bunches of wall-flower, stitchwort, and ragged robin. Before the door of this abode a fire was burning brightly without flame, and on skewers stuck in the ground beside it were the cutlets of meat. These spluttered and sizzled in the genial heat of the fire, and gave forth the savory smell which had made John feel suddenly that he was a very hungry man, and had walked far without food.

John saw at once that it was the hut of Black Hugo, the king's forester. Black in deed as well as in name, Hugo was

at that moment turning away a starving beggar. John rushed forward.

"Give him food. Give him food, I say," he shouted.

"Who art thou to be ordering about the king's forester?" roared Black Hugo.

Suddenly John leaped, threw Hugo to the ground, caught the skewer of meat, and called to the beggar, "Here, take thy fill. Hugo may have what remains."

Then he lifted the dazed forester as easily as if he were a child, and propping him in a sitting position against one of the posts of the hut, he lashed him securely to it with a rope which he found.

Black Hugo looked in a dazed manner before him and found voice at last. "Thou rogue!" he said, and his face flushed with rage. He strove to pull his hands from the rope, but in vain. "Thou shalt smart for this, and I will make thee repent that thou didst ever lay me low with thy staff."

"Rant not so, thou black-faced old man!" said John, with a laugh, "but think thee how better a man thou wouldst have been, hadst thou shared thy meat with the beggar."

"I thank thee, forester, for the good dinner thou didst cook for him," went on John. "I feel kindly to thee, though thou dost look but sourly upon me."

Rising, John approached the forester for the purpose of unloosing his bonds, when the sound of voices was borne to him through the forest. The sound of steps and voices came nearer, until from the bushes midway on one side of the glade there issued Alan-a-Dale and Robin, who looked at the tall form of the serf and then at the forester tied to the post.

"Being in haste, I leave thee to the strangers," said John, and taking up his staff he went his way.

Robin and Alan-a-Dale came up, and could not forbear laughing when they saw the sour looks of Black Hugo.

"What is this?" asked Robin. "The king's forester bound to a post by some wanderer! What, man, and has he taken thy dinner, too?"

"Have done with thy laughter, thou wolf's head!" he cried to Robin.

But Robin laughed the more, until the glade re-echoed.

"Unloose me," cried Black Hugo, in a rage, "and I will let thee know what 'tis to laugh at a king's forester."

Still Robin laughed at the futile anger of the ranger, whose face was flushed as he stormed.

"I think, friend," said Alan gently, in the midst of his laughter, "thou dost foolishly to threaten this bold woodman whilst thou art in bonds. It were more manly to stay thy threats till thou art free. Thou'rt over bold, friend."

"Knowest thou not who this rogue is?" cried Hugo. "'Tis Robin Hood, with a price on his head."

"Whatever you may say of this my friend," said Alan coldly, "I can say that both he and his men are bold and true men, and if they have fled from a tyrant lord I blame them not."

Alan with a haughty look went toward his horse. Robin ceased his laughter, and now addressed the forester:

"My heart warms to that long-limbed rascal who tied thee up and took thy dinner," he said. "I will give thee time to think over thy sins and thy punishment. Bide there in thy bonds until the owls hoot this night."

Together Robin and Alan-a-Dale moved from the glade, and the forester was left to cool his anger. He shouted for help, but no one came, and he grew tired of shouting. The afternoon wore to a close. the blue of the sky became slowly gray, and strange things seemed to be moving in the gloom. Then came the weird cry of "To whee—to whee—to whoo!"

The forester shivered. Somehow the cry seemed like that of a fiend; besides, the cold air was creeping along the ground. He pulled at his arms, which seemed almost dead, and to his wonder his bonds fell away and he found that he was free. He peered behind and inside the hut, but he could see no one.

He looked round affrighted, and crossed himself. Robin the outlaw had said he should be free when the owl hooted, but who had crept up and cut his bonds so that he had not been aware of it?

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Can you answer each of these questions without referring to the book?

1. Recall the incident of John and Black Hugo and the sizzling meat.
2. Do you think John did right in treating Hugo as he did?
3. Who freed Black Hugo?

Little John

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

lair: the bed of a wild beast.

pannikins: a small pan or cup.

felon: wicked, cruel.

bairn: a child.

manor: mansion.

sloe: fruit of blackthorn tree.

plundered: seized by violence.

BEFORE YOU READ THE SECTION

Robin Hood wins a loyal friend in his meeting on the bridge with Little John. In this section also the tiny Hill Folk are introduced to Robin's comrades and Hob o' the Hill passes the word of fellowship to each of Robin's band.

In this section of the story an incident occurs which frightens many of Robin Hood's men. You will be interested in finding out why they were frightened and what they did.

AS YOU READ THE SECTION

Notice the following points:

1. The combat between Robin and Little John on the bridge.
2. The appearance of Hob o' the Hill.
3. Robin Hood's service to the Little People.
4. Hob's oath of fellowship.

Meanwhile, Robin and Alan-a-Dale had pursued their way, discoursing on many things. Both found that they loved the forest, and that never did they find more delight than when with bow in hand they chased the deer, or with brave dogs routed

the fierce boar from his lair. Robin put Alan upon a short route to his home, and when they parted they shook hands, each promising the other that soon they would meet again.

Then Robin turned back toward the place where he knew his men would be waiting for him to share the evening meal together.

Robin was almost near the end of his journey when he came to the brook, which further up stream, ran beside the very glade where his men would be busy around a big fire cooking their evening meal. At this place, however, the stream was broad, with a rapid current, and the forest path was carried across it on a single narrow beam of oak. It was only wide enough for one man to cross at a time, and of course had no railing.

Mounting the two wooden steps to it, Robin had walked some two or three feet along it, when on the other bank a tall

man appeared, and jumping on the bridge, also began to cross it. Robin recognized him at once, by his height, as the fellow who had tied the forester to his door-post and given his dinner to the beggar. He would have been content to hail the big man as one he would like to know, but that he had a very stubborn air as he walked toward him as one who would say: "Get out of my way, little man, or I will walk over thee."

Robin was some twelve or fourteen inches shorter than the other, and being generally reckoned to be tall, and strong withal, he deeply resented the other's inches and his bragging air.

They stopped and looked frowningly at each other when they were but some ten feet apart.

"Where are thy manners, fellow?" said Robin haughtily. "Sawst thou not that I was already on the bridge when thou didst place thy great flat feet on it?"

"Flat feet yourself, I saw thee not," retorted the other. "And I will not give way to thee. The small jack should ever give way to the big pot."

"Have it thy way, then," said Robin. "We Sherwood Forest men are not cowards, as thou shalt see ere long. I will e'en lay aside my bow and cut me a staff."

So saying, Robin turned back and went to the bank, and with his knife he cut a stout staff from a fine ground oak. Having trimmed this to the weight and length he desired, he ran back on the bridge where the stranger was still waiting for him.

"Now," said Robin, "we will have a little play together. Whoever is knocked from the bridge into the stream shall lose the battle. So now, go!"

Both men were at the great disadvantage of having to keep their footing on the narrow bridge. Every step made forward or backward had to be taken with care,

The stranger struck Robin off his balance.

and the very power with which they struck or guarded almost threw them over one side or the other.

Great as was the strength of the big man, Robin's quickness of hand and eye was getting the better of the other. Suddenly Robin gave a blow on the big man's crown; but next moment, with a furious stroke, the stranger struck Robin off his balance, and with a mighty splash the outlaw dived into the water.

For a moment John seemed surprised to find no enemy before him; then, wiping the sweat from his eyes, he cried:

"Hello, good laddie, where art thou now?"

He bent down anxiously, and peered into the water flowing rapidly beneath the bridge. "I hope the bold man is not hurt!" he said.

"Faith!" came a voice from the bank a little further down, "here I am, big fellow, as right as a trivet. Thou'st got the day,"

Robin went on with a laugh, "and I shall not need to cross the bridge."

Robin pulled himself up the bank, and, kneeling down, laved his head and face in the water. When he arose, he found the big stranger almost beside him, dashing the water over his own head and face.

"What!" cried Robin, "Hast not gone forward on thy journey? Thou wert in so great a hurry to cross the bridge just now that thou wouldst not budge for me, and now thou'st come back."

"Scorn me not, good fellow," said the big man, with a sheepish laugh. "I have no whither to go. I am but a serf who hath run from his Manor, and tonight, instead of my warm hut, I shall have to find a bush or a brake that's not too draughty. But I would like to shake hands with thee ere I go for thou'rt as true and good a fighter as ever I met."

Robin's hand was in the other's big fingers at once, and they had a handshake

of mutual respect and liking. Then John turned away, and was for crossing the bridge.

"Stay a while," said Robin; "perhaps thou wouldst like supper ere thou goest a-wandering."

With these words, Robin placed his horn to his lips and blew a great blast. Hardly had the last notes died away ere from all parts of the forest which surrounded the glade, came men in green, with bows in hand. They dropped from the trees, swarmed from the bushes and ran down the trails. Each had the quick, brave look of men used to the open air and a free life, and each as he approached where Robin stood, doffed his hat to his leader.

"Hark ye, seven footer," said Robin. "These be my men, we are outlaws, brave lads who have run from evil lords. There are twenty-two of us. If thou wilt join us thou shalt share and share with us, both

in hard knocks and good cheer. Thou'rt a good hand at the staff; I'll make thee a better hand at the longbow. Now, speak up, jolly fellow!"

"I'll be thy man," cried the stranger,

coming eagerly forward and holding out his hand, which Robin seized and wrung. "Never heard I sweeter words than those you have said, and with all my heart will I serve thee and thy fellowship."

"What is thy name, good man?" asked Robin.

"John o' the Stubbs," replied the other; "but"—with a great laugh—"men call me John the Little."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the others, and crowded round shaking hands with him and crying out: "John, little man, give me thy great hand!"

"His name shall be altered," said stout Will the Bowman. "From now on he shall be called Little John. Three cheers, lads, for Little John!"

How they made the twilight ring! The leaves overhead quivered with the shouts. Then they gathered round the cauldron and dipped their pannikins into the rich stew and fell to feasting.

Afterward Little John told them of his meeting with the forester, and how he had tied him up and given his dinner away before his eyes. They laughed hugely over this, for all bore some grudge against Black Hugo and the other foresters for their treacherous oppression of poor peasants living on the forest borders.

Then Robin continued Little John's tale, and told how he left the forester in his bonds "to think over his sins till the owl hooted."

"What mean you, master?" said Little John. "Did you go back and cut the rogue loose?"

It was dark now, and only the flicker of the firelight lit up the strong faces of the men as they lay or squatted on the ground.

"Nay, I cut not the rogue loose! But he is free by now, and I doubt not, crying o'er his aching limbs, and breathing vengeance against us both."

"How, then, master?" said Little John,

gaping with wonder; while the others also listened, marveling at their leader's talk.

"I have friends in the greenwood," said Robin, "who aid me in many things. Yet they are shy of strangers, and will not willingly show themselves until they know ye better. Hob o' the Hill, show thyself, lad!"

Then, to the terror of them all, from a dark patch near Robin's feet there rose a little man whose long face shone pale in the firelight, and whose black eyes gleamed like sloes. Some of the men, keeping their eyes on him, dragged themselves away; others crossed themselves; and Much the Miller's son, took off his tunic and turned it inside out.

"Old women, all of ye," said Robin, with scorn. "Hob is a man, I tell thee, who can suffer as thou canst suffer—hath the same blood to spill, the same limbs to suffer torture. Listen," and his voice was full of a hard anger. "Hob hath a brother

whose name is Ket the Troll. They are both my very dear friends. Many times have they aided me, and often have they saved my life. I charge you all to harbor no evil or harm against them."

"Why, good master, are they friends of thine?" asked Little John, who smiled good-humoredly at Hob. "How came ye to win their love?"

"I will tell thee," went on Robin. "'Twas two summers ago, and I walked in the heart of the forest here and came to a lonely glade where never do ye see the foresters go, for they say 'tis haunted, and the boldest keep far from it. In that glade are two green mounds or hillocks. I passed them, and saw three knights on foot. And the three knights fought with two trolls—this man and his brother. Hob here was gravely wounded, and his brother also, and the knights overpowered them. Then I marveled what they would do, and I saw that they would kill them. Then as they dragged the two little men away, I saw a door of green sod open in the side of one of the hills, and from it rushed three women—one old and halt, but the other two young, and, though small, they were beautiful.

They flung themselves at the feet of the knights, and prayed for pity on their brothers, and the old woman offered to be taken in place of her sons. The felon knights were struck dumb at first with the marvel of such a sight, and then they seized the women and swore they should take them with their brother trolls. Then I could suffer to see no more, and with three arrows from my belt I put the knights to flight. I saved from certain death the poor Hill Folk that day and ever since they and their kin have been the dearest friends I have in the greenwood."

"Master," said Little John soberly, "'Twas bravely done of thee, and truly hast thou proved that no man ever suffers from an honest and kindly deed."

He rose and bent his giant form down to little Hob, and held out his hand.

"Laddie," he said, "give me thy hand, for I would be friend to all who love good Master Robin."

"And I, also," said brave Will Stuteley and Scarlet, who had come forward at the same moment.

The Little Man gave his hand to each in turn, looking keenly into each face as he did so.

"Hob o' the Hill would be brother to all who are brothers of Robin o' the Hood," said he.

"Listen, friends all," went on Robin. "Just as ye have suffered from the oppression and malice of evil lords, so hath suffered our friend here and his brother."

Then came little Gilbert, and put his hand in the strong clasp of the mound man, and after him Much the Miller's son; and all the others, putting off their dread of the uncanny, seeing that Robin and Little John and the others were not afraid, came up also and passed the word of friendship with Hob o' the Hill.

"Now," said Robin, "we are all brothers to the free folk of the wood. Never more

need any of ye dread to step beyond the gleam of fire at night, and in the loneliest glade shall ye not fear to tread by day."

"So say I," said Hob, "I—whose people once ruled through all this land. Broken are we now, the Little People, half feared and half scorned; we and our harmless deeds made into silly tales told by foolish women and frightened bairns around their fires by night. But I give to ye who are the brothers of my brother the old word of peace and brotherhood, which, ere the tall fair men plundered our land, we, the Little People, gave to those who aided us and were our friends. I whose kin were once Lords of the Mound Folk, the Stone Folk, and the Tree Folk, give to you, my brothers, equal part and share in the earth, the wood, the water, and the air of the greenwood and the moorland."

With these words the little dark man glided from the circle of the firelight, and seemed suddenly to become part of the gloom of the trees.

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Can you answer the first two questions without referring to the book?

1. Write a short paragraph describing Robin Hood's first meeting with Little John. Why do you think each liked the other?

2. Arrange a dialogue between Robin Hood and Little John in which Robin asks Little John to become a member of his band.

3. Make plans for dramatizing the meeting of Hob o' the Hill and the outlaw band and have Hob o' the Hill pass the word of friendship as told in the next to the last paragraph of this section.

Robin Captures the Sheriff

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

verge: edge, margin.

bower: a cottage.

ambuscade: a snare, a trap.

chaffer: to trade, to bargain.

butt: target.

posse: a company, a force.

BEFORE YOU READ THE SECTION

Many different stories are told about Robin Hood and the members of his band. In this story Robin Hood captures the sheriff of Nottingham who for a long time had been one of his most bitter enemies. You will be interested in seeing how Robin shrewdly outwitted the sheriff not only within the walls of his own city, but within the walls of his own home—and brought him a captive to Sherwood Forest.

AS YOU READ THE SECTION

Notice the following points:

1. The time of the year Robin started upon this undertaking.

2. What made Robin Hood decide to capture the sheriff.

3. Robin's winning the archery contest.

4. Robin's treatment of the sheriff at Witch Wood.

Winter was gone, the weak spring sunlight struck its rays deep through the bare brown trees of Sherwood Forest. The soft wind dangled the catkins on the hazel, the willow, and the poplar; and the thrush, who had lived in the glade for five winters, sat high on the top of the tallest elm, and shouted to all who chose to listen that he could not see snow anywhere, that the buds on all the trees were growing as fast as they could, that the worms were beginning to peep through the mould, and, indeed, that food and life and love were come again into a world which for long weeks had seemed to be dead.

A wide glade, strangely clear of all bushes, lay far down before him, and on one side of it were two great green hillocks, nearly side by side. One rose well out in the glade, but the shadows from the fringe of the forest lay on the heaving swell of the other.

There seemed no sign of human life

anywhere in the vast glade. Yet a faint path seemed to start from a particular spot on the green side of the further mound and lead toward the forest; but that might easily be the track of a couple of hares who had made their home in the hill, and who, as is well known, always race along one beaten track to their feeding-ground.

Suddenly from the forest on the wider side of the glade the figure of a small man ran out into the open. As swiftly as a hare he raced over the grass, breasted the nearest mound, and reaching the top, seemed suddenly to sink into the ground. It was Hob o' the Hill. A few moments later, and on that side of the mound which faced the nearer forest, a portion of the green turf seemed suddenly to fall in, and the two small forms of Hob o' the Hill and Ket, his brother, came out. They looked keenly around; the turf behind them closed again, and with swift steps

they ran along the little path. Every now and then they glanced behind to see that they kept the bulk of the mound between them and prying eyes in the forest whence Hob and Ket had issued.

In a little while they gained the nearer verge of the forest, and ran forward through its shady aisles under the bare brown trees. For a space of time wherein a man might count twenty there was no movement in the glade. But then, at that part of the forest whence Hob had first run, came the sound of hoofs, the flash of arms, and along a narrow path there came eight riders, eagerly conversing. Intently Hob listened, for well he knew that some danger overshadowed his master.

As the riders passed, Hob heard one say, "The sheriff of Nottingham is bribing evil men to dress as beggars and hucksters and wander through the forests to Robin Hood's secret places to capture him."

On hearing this, Hob signalled his brother Ket, and together they went to find and warn their master. Robin laughed heartily as they told how the sheriff of Nottingham was planning to take him.

"Ho, lads," said Robin, "with such friends as thou art, what more could I desire? But I will play a joke on the sheriff; he shall be the captured one. And I thank thee, for thy watchfulness."

"Go get your suppers now, lads," he said at length.

When the meal was ended, Robin called Little John to his side and said: "John, hath the proud potter of Wentbridge set out on his journey yet?"

"Ay, master," replied John, "he went through but yesterday, with horse and cart laden with his pots and pans. A brisk man is he, and as soon as the snows are gone he is not one to play Lob-lie-by-the-fire."

Robin asked where the potter would be lodging that night, and John told him. Then Robin called Bat and Michael to him.

"Thou didst ask for a task," he said, "and I will give thee one. It may be a hard one, but 'tis one thou must do by hook or by crook. Now I will that ye go to Mansfield for me this night and seek the proud potter of Wentbridge. Tell him that I crave a fellowship of him. I wish him to let me have his clothes, his pots, his cart and his horse, for I will go to Nottingham market disguised."

"This will we do right gladly, master," said Bat. "We will take our staves and our bows and start on our way forthwith."

"Then I will meet thee at the Forest Herne where the roads fork beyond Mansfield," said Robin, "an hour after dawn tomorrow."

"We will not fail to be there with all that thou wishest," replied Bat, and to-

gether he and Michael set out under the starlight on the way to Mansfield.

Next day, into the market-place of Nottingham, drove a well-fed little brown pony, drawing a potter's cart, filled with pots and pans of good Wentbridge ware. The potter, a man stout of limb, plump of body and red of face, wore a rusty brown tunic and cloak, patched in several places, and his hair seemed to have rare acquaintance with a comb. Robin indeed was well disguised.

The potter set his crocks beside his cart, after having given his horse oats and hay, and then began to cry his wares. He had taken up a place not five steps from the door of the sheriff's house, and the potter's eyes were constantly turned on the door of the house, which was open.

"Good pots for sale!" cried the potter. "Buy of my pots! Pots and pans! Cheap and good today. Come wives and maidens! Set up your kitchens with my ware!"

So lustily did he call that soon a crowd of country people who had come to the market to buy stood about him and began to chatter with him. But he did not stay to bargain; he let each have the pot or pan at the price they offered. The noise of the cheapness of the pots soon got abroad, and very soon there were but half a dozen pots left.

Robin called to a serving-maid who came just then from the sheriff's house, and begged her to go to the sheriff's wife, with the best respects of the potter of Wentbridge, and ask whether the dame would accept his remaining pots as a gift. In a few minutes Dame Margaret herself came out.

"Madam," said Robin, doffing his hat and bowing in a yeomanly manner, "thou shalt have of the best in my cart. I'll give thee no cracked wares, but every one shall ring with a true honest note when thou knockest it."

The sheriff's wife thought the potter was a courteous man, and began to talk with him. Then a great bell rang throughout the house, and the dame said: "Come into the house if thou wilt, good man. Come sit with me and sheriff at the table."

This was what Robin desired. He thanked the dame, and was led by her into the bower where her maidens sat at their sewing. Just then the door opened and the sheriff came in. Robin looked keenly at the man whom he had seen only once before.

"Look what this master potter hath given us," said Dame Margaret, showing the pots on a stool beside her. "Six pots of excellent ware."

The sheriff, a tall spare man of a sour and surly look, glanced at Robin, who bowed to him.

"May the good man dine with us, sheriff?" asked the dame.

"He is welcome," said the sheriff crossly, for he was hungry and had just been outwitted, moreover, in a piece of business in the market-place. "Let us wash and go to meat."

They went into the hall of the house where some twenty men were waiting for the sheriff and his lady. Some were officers and men of the sheriff, others were rich men from the market.

When the sheriff and his wife took their seats at the high table, all the company sat down, Robin being shown a seat midway down the lower table.

When the meal was ended, most of the guests betook themselves to the shooting contest which was to be held outside the town between the men who formed the officers of the sheriff, for a prize of forty shillings given by their master. Robin, of course, was an eager onlooker at the sport; and he saw that not one of the sheriff's

men could shoot nearer to the mark than by the length of half a long arrow.

"Will you let a stranger try a shot or two, Sir Sheriff?" said Robin.

"Ay, thou mayst try," said the sheriff, "for thou seemest a stalwart and strong fellow."

Robin picked out an arrow from the quiver of one of the sheriff's men and set it on the string. Then, pulling the string to its fullest extent, he let the bolt fly. Men looked keenly forward, and a shout from the men went up, when they saw that his bolt was within a foot of the mark, and nearer by six inches than any of the others.

"Shoot another round," said the sheriff to his men, "and let the potter shoot with thee."

Another round was accordingly shot, and each man strove to better his previous record. But none got nearer than the potter had done, and when the last of

them had shot his bolt they stood aside with glum faces, looking at the potter as he stepped forward and notched his arrow upon the string.

He seemed to take less pains this time than before. The bolt soared away, and in the stillness with which the onlookers gazed, the thud, as it struck the broad target, two-hundred yards away, was distinctly heard. For a moment men could not believe what their keen eyes told them. It had hit the center of the bull's eye, or very close thereto.

The target-man, who stood near by the butt to report exactly on each shot, was seen to approach the target and then to start running excitedly toward the archers.

"It hath cleft the peg in three!" he shouted.

The peg was the piece of wood which stood in the very center of the bull's eye. A great shout from all the bystanders rose up and shook the tassels on the tall

poplars above their heads, and many of the men gripped Robin by the hand or clapped him on the back.

"As a bowman thou'rt as good as any forester," said one.

"Or as Robin o' the Hood himself, that king of archers," said another, a jolly miller of the town.

The sheriff's men had black looks as they realized that they had been worsted by a plump potter, but the sheriff laughed at them, and coming to Robin, said:

"Potter, thou'rt a man indeed. Thou'rt worthy to bear a bow wherever thou mayest choose to go."

"I have loved the bow from my toddling days," said the potter. "I have shot with many a good bowman, and in my cart I have a bow which I got from that rogue Robin Hood, with whom I have shot many a turn."

"What," said the sheriff, and his face was hard and his eyes full of suspicion.

"Thou hast shot with that false rascal? Knowest thou the place in the forest where he lurketh now, potter?"

"I think 'tis at Witch Wood," said the potter easily. "He hath wintered there, I have heard as I came down the road. But he stopped me last autumn and demanded that I shoot with him. And the rogue shot four rounds with me, and said that for my courtesy I should be free of the forest so long as my wheels went round."

"I would give a hundred pounds, potter," said the sheriff gloomily, "if the false outlaw stood by me!"

"Well," said the potter, "if thou wilt take my advice, Sir Sheriff, and go with me in the morning, thee and thy men, I will lead thee to a place where, as I have heard, the rascal hath dwelled through the winter. But thou must ride in the cart with me."

"By my faith, I will ride with thee,"

said the sheriff, "and I will pay thee well if thou wilt take me. Thou art a brave man and a stalwart."

"But I must tell thee, sheriff," said the potter, "that thy pay must be good."

"Thou shalt be well paid," said the sheriff, "on my word as the king's officer."

But he knew, and the potter knew also, that the sheriff's promise was of little worth, for the sheriff loved his money too well. But the potter pretended he was satisfied. When the sheriff offered him the forty shillings which was the prize for winning at the shooting, the potter refused it, and so won all the hearts of the sheriff's men.

"Nay, nay," said the potter; "let him that shot the best bolt among your men have it. It may be that 'twas by a flaw of wind that my arrow struck the peg."

The potter had supper with the sheriff and his men. A merry evening was passed, and then Robin was given a bed

in a warm corner of the hall and all retired to rest.

Next morning, before it was light, all were afoot again. Then the horses were brought round, together with the potter's pony and cart, and with the sheriff and ten of his men the potter led the way into the forest.

Deep into the heart of the greenwood the potter went, by lonely glades and narrow deer-drives by which not one of the sheriff's men had gone before. In many places where an ambuscade could easily be laid the sheriff and his men looked fearfully around them, and wondered whether they would win through that day with whole skins.

"Thou art sure thou knowest the way, potter?" said the sheriff more than once.

"Know the road, forsooth!" laughed the potter. "I have not wended my way up and down Sherwood these twenty years without knowing my way."

"What manner of place is Witch Wood?" asked the sheriff.

" 'Tis a fearsome place, as I have heard tell," said the potter. " 'Tis the haunt of a dreadful witch."

"I think," said the sheriff gruffly, "thou shouldst have told us this ere we set out."

Shrieks of laughter rang out in the dark trees beside them. So sudden and so fearful were the cries, that the horses stopped and trembled as they stood, while their riders crossed themselves and looked peeringly into the gloom of the forest. "Let us ride back!" cried some, while one or two turned their horses in the narrow path and began to retreat.

Again the mad laughter rang out. It seemed to come from all parts of the dark earthy wood about them. More of the men put spurs to their horses, and in spite of the cries of the sheriff bidding them stay, all were soon riding helter-skelter away from the spot.

The potter standing up in his cart, and the sheriff, dark of look, listened as the sound of the thudding hoofs became fainter and fainter in the distance.

Suddenly the potter blew a horn. Instantly the clear notes sounded away in the open glade, and next moment there came some twenty men in brown, who seemed to rise from the ground and to issue from the trunks of the trees. Some even dropped to the ground from boughs just above the sheriff.

"How now, Master Robin," said one tall fellow, bearded and bareheaded, "How have you fared in Nottingham? Have you sold your ware?"

"Ay, by my troth," said Robin. "I have sold all and got a great price for it. Look you, Little John, I have brought the sheriff himself for it all."

"By my faith, master, he is welcome," cried Little John, and gave a great hearty laugh, which was echoed by all the out-

laws standing around when they saw the angry wonder on the sheriff's face.

"Thou false rogue!" cried he, and his face beneath his steel cap went red with shame and chagrin. "If I had but known who thou wert!"

"Thankful am I thou didst not," said Robin, taking off the potter's cloak and then the tunic, which had been stuffed with rags to make him look the stouter. "But now that thou art here, sheriff, thou shalt dine with us off the king's fat deer."

And thus was it done. The sheriff had to dine off a steak cut from a prime buck, and having been hungry, he felt the better for it.

Then, when he was preparing to return to Nottingham on foot, Robin Hood ordered a palfrey to be led forward, and bade the sheriff mount it.

"Wend thy way home, sheriff," he said, "and greet thy wife from me. Thy dame

is as courteous and kind as thou art sour and gruff. That palfrey is a present from me to thy lady wife, and I trust that she will think kindly of the potter, though I cannot hope that thou thyself wilt."

Without a word the sheriff departed. He waited till it was dark ere he rode up to the gate of Nottingham and demanded to be let in. The gateman wondered at the sheriff's strange return, riding on a lady's palfrey. The tale of the shamefaced men who had returned earlier had been wormed out of them by the wondering citizens, and the sheriff, hoping to creep home unobserved, was disagreeably surprised to find the streets full of gaping people. To all their questions he returned cross answers, but as he alighted at his own door he heard a laugh begin to arise, in cackling bursts among the crowd before his house, and when he was inside he heard the full roar of laughter rise from a thousand throats.

Next day there was never a man so full of anger as the sheriff. The whole town was agrin, from the proud constable of the castle with his hundred knights, to the little horseboys in the stables—all smiled to think how the sheriff had gone with his posse to capture the outlaw Robin, led by a false potter who was the rogue Robin himself.

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

See if you can answer the following questions without rereading this section:

1. How did Robin Hood come to the town of Nottingham?
2. How did Robin gain entrance to the sheriff's home?
3. What reply did Robin Hood make when the prize at the archery contest was offered him?
4. Write a paragraph of a few lines describing the journey to Witch Wood and what happened before the sheriff was finally captured.

Robin and Fair Marian

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

portcullis: a grating of iron.

arras: tapestry, fabric.

BEFORE YOU READ THE SECTION

In this section Ket has an opportunity to do as much for Robin Hood as he once did for them. Here you find how the Trolls quickly and gladly helped Robin, and how very much it was appreciated.

AS YOU READ THE SECTION

Notice the following points:

1. The news Walter, the steward of Sir Richard Fitzwalter, brought Robin Hood.
2. Robin's arrival at the castle of Malaset only to learn that Fair Marian had gone.
3. Ket's story of rescuing Lady Marian.

It was more than a year since Robin had captured the sheriff of Nottingham and again he sat in his bower and the rich odors of cooking pasties, broiling and roasting capons and venison cutlets blew to and fro under the trees.

But Robin's heart was sad, for his thoughts were on the days of childhood when he and Marian played together on her father's estate. Dearly did Robin love Fair Marian who was now grown to womanhood.

Marian would gladly have shared with Robin a home in the greenwood, but Robin had said, "I am an outlaw, and thou art a lording's daughter. My head is for any one to take who may, and those who are with me run the same danger.

"I have sorrow in my heart to think that I am an outlawed man, and can offer thee, who hath ever known the softest ways of living, only the bare and houseless life of the wild forest. I would not change my life for anything the king could offer me, but for thee, my nut-brown maid, to wish to wed me against thy kinsman's wishes would be to doom thee to a life that I would not—nay, that I cannot ask thee to share."

And Marian had replied, "Robin, I love but thee alone, and I will wed none but thee. I love the woodland life even as thou dost, and I should be happy, though I forsook all my kindred. Thou thinkest perhaps that I should repine when the leaves fall from the trees, when the wind snarls down the black ways or the snow-wreaths dance in the bitter winter. But my heart would be warm having thee to turn to, and I would never repent leaving the thick walls of my father's castle.

He is kind to me, but he scorns me and daily rails at me for my love of thee, and though I would leave him with sorrow, I will come to thee swiftly if and when thou hast need of me."

There was a little shake in her gentle voice as she ended, and tears were in the brave eyes. Robin took her hands and raising them to his lips, kissed them fervently.

"Almost you persuade me, dear Marian," he said. "I know thou lovest but me alone, but it is not right that a maid should run to the wood with an outlaw, to live in dread, watching day and night lest their enemies approach. But this I promise thee, Marian, that if at any time ye are in peril from those that wish ye ill, and are alone and pursued by evil men, then do ye send to me and I will come, and we will be wed by this good Friar Tuck, and then together we will suffer whatever fortune doth betide us."

So Robin, as he sat brooding over these things, suddenly saw Walter, the steward of Sir Richard Fitzwalter, approaching him. He was spent with his journey and could only whisper, "My Lady Marian's father, Sir Richard Fitzwalter, hath died and Lady Marian is in danger of being seized by the strongest lord among her neighbors."

"The time hath now come" said Robin, "when I said I would take sweet Marian into my keeping. I will instantly set forth to Malaset and bring Fair Marian back to the greenwood. Friar Tuck will wed us, and she shall live in peace with me and my merry men."

Quickly, therefore, Robin selected twenty of his best men and the band set off toward the fair valleys of Lancashire in the midst of which stood the castle of Malaset and its broad lands.

On the evening of the second day they approached the castle and found it dark

and silent. A clear call on a bugle brought a man to the guardroom over the gate, and quickly, with the aid of the men-servants, the bridge was lowered, the portcullis raised, and Robin and his men entered the great hall.

"Where is the Lady Marian?" asked Robin.

"Alas, Master Robin, I know not!" replied the servant, wringing his hands and the tears starting from his eyes. "If thou dost not know, then I am indeed forlorn, for I had thought she had fled to thee. She slept here last night, but this morning no sign could be found of her anywhere about the castle!"

"This is hard to hear," said Robin, and his face was full of grief. "But I will find her wherever she may be."

"To the woods, men, we must find speedily what hath befallen Lady Marian!"

Next day and for several days thereafter Robin and his men scoured the marshes

of Lancashire for many miles, asking of the poor folk, beggars and wondering people of the road, whether they had seen a tall maid, brown of hair, straight and queenly of figure, pass either alone, or in the power of a band of knights or men-at-arms. But all was in vain. No one had seen such a maid, and at the end of a week Robin was in despair. Full of sorrow, he at length turned his horse's head toward Sherwood Forest.

Reaching there, he sounded his horn with curious notes which resounded far and wide through the forest, so that scouts and watchers a mile off heard the clear call through the trees. Quickly his men came running to their leader and when they had assembled, there were seven score in all. Standing with bows in hand they waited for their master's orders. Dividing his forces, Robin sent some east, some west, some north and some south with the direction to find Lady Marian at any cost.

Then Robin took his way alone into the deepest part of the forest. He was very unhappy and much distressed by reason of the disappearance of Fair Marian. He pictured her a captive in some castle, pining for liberty, oppressed by the demands of some tyrant kinsman or other robber knight, who had captured her for the rich dowry which would go to him she wedded.

Filled with these fears, therefore, Robin determined to walk through the forest to the green mounds where Ket the Troll and Hob o' the Hill lived, to hear whether either of those little men had learned any news of Marian. As soon as he had learned of his lady's danger he had sent Ket the Troll to Malaset to watch over Marian, but had since heard nothing from the Troll, and this silence was very disquieting.

Though the woodland paths were sunk in the deepest darkness, Robin found his way unerringly through the forest, and

when he had greeted and left the last scout, watchful at his post, he passed through the dark ways as stealthily as a wild animal, and soon came to the mound of the trolls. Suddenly Ket rose from the shadow of a fern. Stealing up to Robin, he said,

"If thou'lt promise to make no sound I'll show thee a treasure I have found but lately."

"Ket!" said Robin in eager tones; "hast thou really found my dear lady? Oh, good little man!"

For answer Ket beckoned Robin to follow him to a part of a chamber which was curtained off by a piece of arras that must at one time have adorned a lord's hall. Peering behind this, Robin saw reclining on a horse-cloth thrown over a couch of sweet-smelling ferns, the form of Marian, sleeping as softly as if she were in her own bed of linen at Malaset. Beside her was the small,

slight form of one of Ket's sisters, her dark hair and pale skin showing vividly against the auburn locks and brown skin of Marian. A long time he gazed happily on her face until at length Ket roused him by whispering:

"Come and I will tell thee."

Silently Robin and Ket crept away to the furthest corner of the chamber, and Ket then told his tale.

"When you sent me away to watch over the Lady Marian until you came," said Ket the Troll, "I reached the castle by Malaset Wood at evening, and I crept into the castle when no one saw me. I found the Lady Marian in her chamber, and already she had resolved to fly to you. I bade her wait for you, but she yearned for the open moors and would not stay. By a secret way we issued from the castle at dawn and took to the moors. Thy lady is a wood-wise lass, though over quick to act.

"Thou know'st, master, that we Little People have many secrets and strange lore, and some unknown powers, and how we can break and overcome hard things. It was so now, and by the aid of that knowledge I was able to bring the lady safely through. Many days we have journeyed through danger by day and darkness by night. We reached my home but four hours agone, and ever since my lady hath slept."

"Let her sleep long, brave lass," said Robin, "for she must have sore need of it. I cannot thank thee enough, good Ket," he went on, "for having brought her safe and sound out of such peril. What reward shall I make thee that is fitting?"

"Master," said Ket; "there is no need to talk of rewards between thee and me. I and mine owe our lives to thee, and whatsoever we do, you or I, is for the love we bear each other. Is it not so?"

"It is so," replied Robin, and they gripped hands in a silent oath of renewed loyalty to each other.

Robin slept in the trolls' mound that night on a bed of fern with Ket beside

him, and in the morning great was the joy of Marian when she awoke to find Robin himself was nearby. Much loving talk passed between them, and both said that never more would they part from each other while life should last. That very day, indeed, Robin went to Father Tuck, to arrange with him for their marriage.

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Can you answer the first four questions without referring to the book?

1. What made Robin Hood finally determine to marry Fair Marian?
2. How was Ket able to find Fair Marian?
3. Why was Ket anxious to be of help to Fair Marian?
4. Where did Robin finally find Fair Marian?
5. Find that part of the selection in which Robin Hood offers to reward Ket and his reply.

King Richard and Robin

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

liege: loyal, faithful. | **encroachment:** intrusion.
bailiff: officer or agent.

BEFORE YOU READ THE SECTION

Although Robin Hood lived the life of an outlaw for several years, roaming through Sherwood Forest, hunting the deer and encouraging the archery contests, helping the oppressed and relieving the suffering, we find him as the story ends once more a loyal subject of King Richard.

Remember that King Richard was away from England for many years fighting in the Crusades and that his brother John

who ruled England during his absence was unjust and cruel. When King Richard returned, no one was more quick to swear allegiance to him and to give him support—both in money and men—than was Robin Hood.

This section tells of the meeting of Robin Hood the "outlaw", and Richard, King of England.

AS YOU READ THE SECTION

Notice the following points:
1. Robin Hood's gift to aid in the king's ransom.
2. Robin Hood's oath of allegiance to King Richard.
3. Robin Hood's return to Malaset.

When it became known throughout the country-side that Robin the outlaw had wedded Marian Fitzwalter, heiress to the wide lands of Malaset and ward of the king, some men wondered that he could be so daring, while others were glad that Robin had been so bold, and had shown how he set at naught the powers of prelates and proud lords.

At this time all good men were sorrowing because their gallant King Richard had been captured and lay imprisoned in a foreign castle. Vast sums were demanded for his ransom. To raise the money every man was taxed, be he a lay-

man or a monk; citizens and yeomen, knights and squires had to pay the value of a quarter of their year's income, and the abbots were required to give the value of a year's wool from the vast flocks of sheep which they possessed. Men paid the taxes grudgingly, and the money was long being collected.

During all this time Robin and Marian had lived very happily in the greenwood. She had lost her wide lands, it was true, and instead of living in a castle with thick walls, and being dressed in rich clothes, she dwelt in a wooden hut, and had the skins of animals or plain home-spun Lincoln green wherewith to clothe herself. But never before had she been so happy, for she was with him she loved best, and ever about her was the free life of the fresh woods and the wild wind in the trees.

So much did Robin desire that his king should speedily be freed that, when he

learned what taxes were imposed in order to raise the king's ransom, he collected the half of all his store of gold and silver and sent the whole of the money under a strong guard to London, and delivered it into the hands of the mayor himself, who, having opened the parcel when his visitors had gone, found therein a piece of doeskin on which was written:

"*From Robin Hood and the freemen of Sherwood Forest, for their beloved king, whom God save speedily from his evil enemies at home and in foreign parts.*"

When King Richard was at length released from prison, most of his enemies who were holding castles on behalf of his brother John, who had plotted to win the crown for himself, gave them up and fled for fear of the king's vengeance.

And when the king and his lords sat at dinner one day, it was told King Richard how there was a bold outlaw who with his men lived in the Forest of

Sherwood. They told the king such tales of Robin and his merry men that the king at length exclaimed:

"By my faith, this is a man in whom much sense of right and justice must dwell. 'Tis clear he knoweth and loveth freedom greatly, and hath much pity for those who have to sit in prison and see the sunlight crawl across the floor of their cells. If other of my liege subjects had been as loving and as busy in my behalf as this outlaw, I should not have pined in the foreign castle so many months!"

"I will see this outlaw," continued the king; "and know what sort of man he is."

So it came to pass that the king went hunting in the Forest of Sherwood, which he had never before seen, and he was much pleased with the giant trees he found therein, the beautiful smooth glades, the cliffy hills and the rolling

downland. But though King Richard went hunting through the forest every day, and did not stay in one place, never could he learn where Robin Hood was hiding. At last he called to him the chief forester of Sherwood.

"Knowest thou not, Sir Forester," asked the king, "where my messenger may get word with this outlaw? Thou keepest this forest ill, since thou permittest seven score outlaws to live in it unmolested."

The forester was a bold man and he made reply: "My Lord King, it is not whether I or your Majesty may find Robin Hood, but rather whether Robin Hood will permit himself to be found. I make bold to say, Sire, that these several years past have I striven to capture him and his band, but this outlaw is a very fox for hiding and hath as many holes. Nevertheless, I will do all I may to bring him to thee."

Fitz-Stephen thereupon gathered together all his foresters, told them what the king had said, and took counsel with them what had best be done to give the king his desire. Some advised one thing and some another, until the chief forester lost patience with them all.

Meantime the king had taken counsel with some of his peasants. Hearing how Robin had aided many, at length he said:

"Methinks, this is no common man, this Robin Hood. Almost it seems that he doth right in spite of the laws, and that they be wrong indeed if they have forced him to flee to the greenwood and become an outlaw. He giveth aid and comfort to the poor, and that seemeth to be no man's desire to do. I will gladly see this man, and by the favor of heaven I will make him my friend."

One day as the king and his escort were proceeding along the leafy highway

leading to Ollerton, suddenly out of the wood came a tall man, dressed in an old green tunic and trunk hose of the same color. In his hand he bore a great bow taller than himself. On his head was a velvet hat, and stuck therein was a long feather from a cock pheasant's tail.

Manly of form and keen of look was he; his face and neck were browned by the summer sun and his dark curls hung to his shoulders. He lifted his sharp eyes to the foremost rider and said, holding up one big brown hand as he did so:

"Stay. By your leave ye must bide awhile with me."

He placed two fingers in his mouth and whistled shrilly. Almost immediately, out of the shadow of the trees came forth some twenty archers on each side of the road. Each was dressed in green tunic and hose, torn and worn in

places. They were strong of muscle, well knit and bold of look, and each wore a bow.

"We be yeomen of this forest, Sir Abbot," said Robin, not knowing it was the king. "Leave thy horse here and do thou stay and dine with us in the green-wood fashion."

"That will I do willingly," said the king.

Forthwith he and his knights were led on foot into a deeper part of the forest, where, under the trysting-tree of the outlaws, dinner was being cooked. Robin placed a horn to his lips and blew a curious blast. Hardly had the last notes died away ere from all parts of the forest which surrounded the glade in which they sat, came men in green, with bows in hand. Each had a quick, brave look of men used to the open air and a free life and each doffed his hat to his leader, Robin Hood.

"This is a seemly sight, yet a sad one," muttered Richard to himself. "These be fine men, and they be more at this outlaw's bidding than my own knights be at mine."

The king and his knights did full justice to the good dinner set before them, and when it was over Robin said:

"Now, Lord Abbot, thou shalt see what manner of life we lead, so that when thou dost return to our king thou mayst tell him."

Thereupon targets were set up at which a chosen number of the outlaws began to shoot, and so distant and small was the mark that the king marveled that any should hit it. But he marveled more when Robin ordered a wand to be set up, from the top of which hung a garland of roses.

"He that doth not shoot through the garland," cried Robin, "shall lose his bow and arrows, and shall bear a buffet from him that was the better archer."

" 'Tis most marvelous shooting," said Richard, as he sat apart with his knights. "Oh, that I could get five hundred as good archers to come with me."

Twice Robin shot at the mark and each time he cleft the wand. But others missed, and those who fell before Robin's buffet were many. Even Scarlet and Little John had to bear the weight of his arm, but Gilbert of the White Hand was by now almost as good an archer as Robin. Then Robin shot for the third time, and he was unlucky, for his bolt missed the garland by the space of three fingers. There was a great burst of laughter from the archers, and a cry of "A miss! a miss!"

"I avow it," cried Robin laughing, and just then he saw through the trees at the other end of the glade a party riding toward them. They were Fair Marian, his wife, clad in green, with her bow and arrows beside her, and with her were Alan-a-Dale and Lady Alice, his wife.

Robin turned to the abbot and said: "I yield my bow and arrow to thee,

Lord Abbot, for thou art my master. Do thou give me such a buffet as thou mayst."

"It is not fitting to my order," said the abbot, and drew his cowl closer about his face to hide it from Robin's keen glance and from the eyes of the party riding toward them.

"Smite boldly, Sir Abbot," urged Robin; "I give thee full leave."

The king smiled, bared his arm, and gave so stout a blow full on Robin's breast that the outlaw was hurled some feet away and almost fell to the ground. He kept his feet, however, and coming closer to the king from whose face the cowl had dropped away by reason of the violence of his blow, he shouted:

" 'Tis the king, kneel, men, kneel!"

And Robin and his outlaws and Alan-a-Dale kneeled at the king's feet, and Fair Marian and Lady Alice getting from their horses curtsied humbly.

The king now thrust the cowl from off his head of brown hair, and revealed the handsome face and blue eyes of Richard the Lion-hearted.

"But this is a right fair adventure," said Richard with gay laugh. "Why do ye kneel, good Robin? Art thou not king of the greenwood?"

"My Lord, the King of England," said Robin; "I love thee and fear thee, and would crave thy mercy for myself and my men for all the deeds we have done."

"Rise, Robin, I have never met in the greenwood a man so much after my heart as thou art," said the king. He caught Robin by the hand and lifted him to his feet. "Thou must leave this life and be my knight."

"This will I do willingly, my Lord the King," said Robin, "for I would sooner do what good I may openly than live an outlaw."

"So let it be," replied the king; "I have heard all that thou hast done. Thou hast wedded a rich ward of mine. Is this fair lady she who hath left wealth and honors and lands for love of thee?"

Fair Marian cast herself upon her knees before the king, who gave her his hand to kiss, after which he raised her to her feet.

"Come," said the king, "thou hast given up much to come to thy good archer, fair lady. I can only agree that thou hast chosen a bold man and a brave one. Thou wert ward of mine, and I give thee willingly where thou hast already given thyself."

So saying the king joined the hands of Robin and Marian, both of whom felt very happy in having the king himself pardon them for so willfully acting against his rights.

"But," went on the king, smiling, "thou hast committed so many bold deeds, Robin, that I must doom thee to some punishment for them. Go thou and lead a quiet life after these years of strife and hiding. Take thy fair wife and dwell with her on her lands at

Malaset, at peace with my deer and all thy fellow subjects. Uphold the laws which my wise counsellors made for the peace and prosperity of this realm. By so doing thou shalt win my pardon."

"My Lord King," said Robin, deeply moved at the king's generosity, "for this thy great mercy and favor I will ever be thy faithful and loyal servant."

And so, as the king had bidden him, Robin went with Fair Marian to the lands of Malaset. There he dwelled in peace and comfort, tending the estates of his wife with good husbandry and careful rule, guarding the lands from encroachment by neighboring lords, and knitting all his peasants and free-holders to himself by his kindliness and frankness.

Then the band of outlaws speedily broke up. Some went overseas, some went to large towns and gradually became settled citizens, while some lived with Robin on his estate.

As for Little John and Scarlet, they were given lands at Cromwell, where Alan-a-Dale now was lord over the lands of the Lady Alice; while Much was made bailiff at Werrisdale, which also belonged to Alan-a-Dale.

Gilbert of the White Hand would not settle down. He became a great fighter in Scotland with the bow and the sword, and his deeds were sung for many years by many a fireside in the border lands.

But Hob o' the Hill and his brother Ket the Troll hated the ways of settled life, and though Robin offered them lands to live on, they preferred to wander in the dim forest and over the wild moors. And at night, from time to time, two little men came to the edge of the forest and there met a tall man, dressed in an old green tunic and trunk hose of the same color. On his head was a velvet hat, and stuck therein a feather from a plover's wing, for though Robin had left

the greenwood, he was still and would always be beloved master to the Little Folk of the forests.

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Can you answer the first three questions without referring to the book?

1. What was King Richard's opinion of Robin Hood?
2. Where did King Richard and Robin Hood meet?
3. Write a short paragraph telling of the archery contest which King Richard witnessed and the penalty Robin Hood paid for missing the mark?
4. Turn to your book and find that selection in which the king pardons Robin for living the life of an outlaw and wishes Fair Marian much happiness.
5. The last paragraph of the story is a complete thought unit. Tell in your own words what it is about.

HONOR to the old bow-string! Honor to the bugle-horn! Honor to the woods unshorn! Honor to the Lincoln green! Honor to the archer keen! Honor to bold Robin Hood! Sleeping in the underwood! Honor to Maid Marian, And to all the Sherwood-clan!

—JOHN KEATS

THE RECORDING ANGEL

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

fraught: filled. | **divining:** discovering.
embodied: represented.

BEFORE YOU READ THE POEM

Larkin Goldsmith Mead who designed the monument for the tomb of Lincoln at Springfield, Illinois, was a sculptor who has won renown through many important works, including the "Recording Angel."

He lived as a boy in a Vermont town on the banks of the beautiful Connecticut River. The people there are always proud to tell visitors of the boy who fashioned the snow angel, and one resident has written this poem.

AS YOU READ THE POEM

Notice the following points:

1. How willing the boy was to toil to do the thing he wanted to do.
2. The boy's ambition.
3. How his ambition was realized.

The sleigh bells danced that winter's night,
Old Brattleboro rang with glee;
The windows overflowed with light.
Joy ruled each heart and Christmas Tree;
But to one the bells and mirth were naught;
His soul with deeper joy was fraught.
He waited until the guests were gone;

He waited to dream his dream alone;
And the night wore on.

Alone he stands in the silent night;
He piles the snow in the village square;
With spade for chisel, a statue white
From the crystal quarry rises fair.
No light save the stars to guide his hand
But the image obeys his soul's command!
The sky is draped with fleecy lawn,
The stars grow pale in the early dawn,
And the lad toils on.

And lo! in the morn the people came
To gaze at the wondrous vision there;
And they called it, "The Angel," divining
its name
For it came in silence and unaware.
It seemed no mortal hand had wrought
The uplifted face of prayerful thought;
But its features wasted beneath the sun,
Its life went out e'er the day was done,
And the lad dreamed on.

And his dream was this; "In the years to be
I will carve the angel in lasting stone.
In another land beyond the sea,
I will toil in darkness, will dream alone.
While others sleep I will find a way
Up through the night to the light of day.
There's nothing desired 'neath star nor sun
That patient genius hath not won."
And the boy toiled on.

The years go by. He has wrought with might;
He has gained renown in the land of art,
But the thought inspired that Christmas night
Still keeps its place in the sculptor's heart;
And the dream of the boy that melted away
In the light of the sun that winter's day,
Is embodied at last in enduring stone,

Snow Angel in marble,— his purpose won;
And the man toils on.

AFTER YOU HAVE READ THE POEM

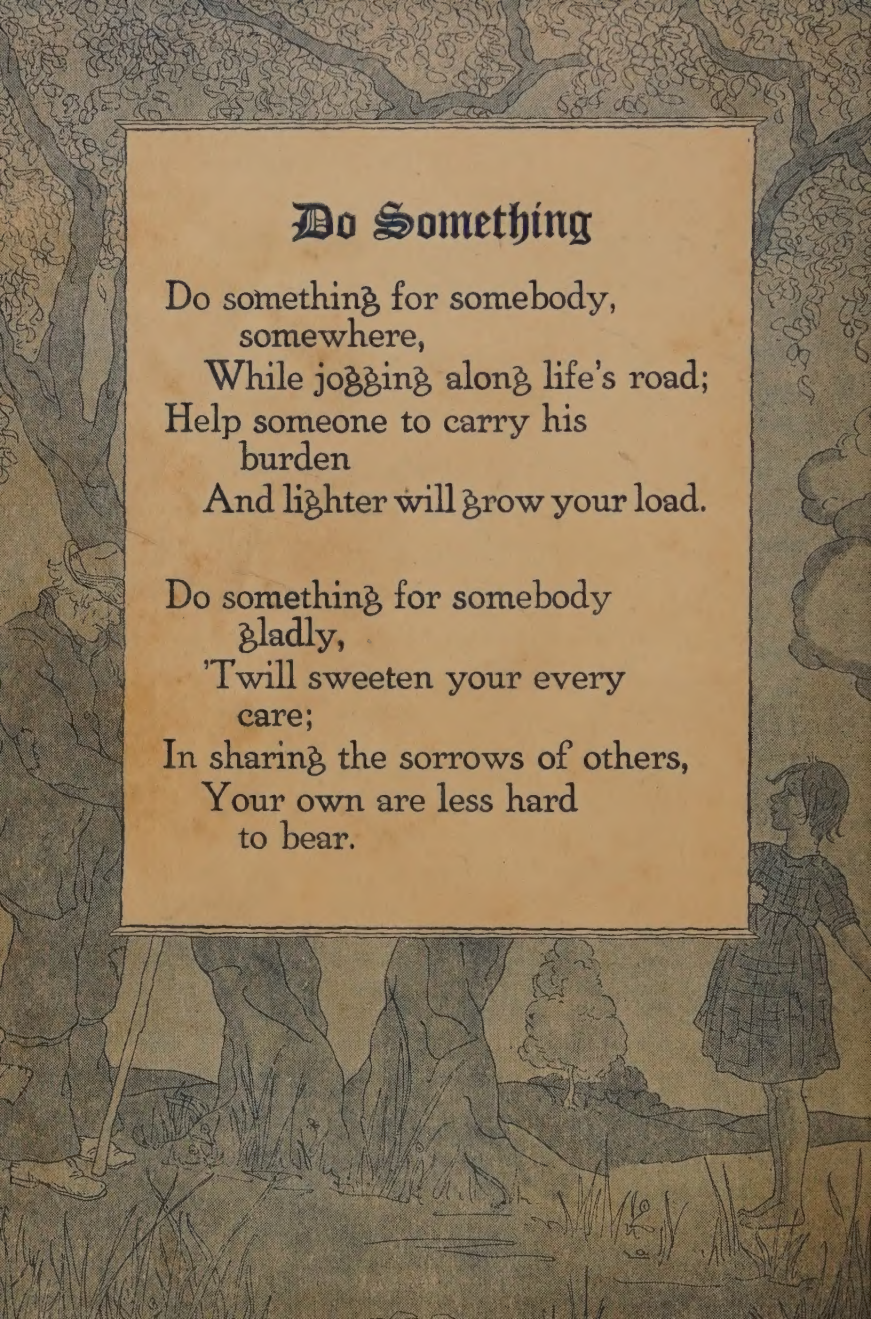
Can you answer the first two questions without referring to the book?

1. Tell the story of the boy who wanted to be a sculptor.

2. What did he do that indicated his great interest in sculpturing?

3. Select the stanza in the poem that tells of the boy's dream and write a short paragraph in your own words telling how this dream was realized.

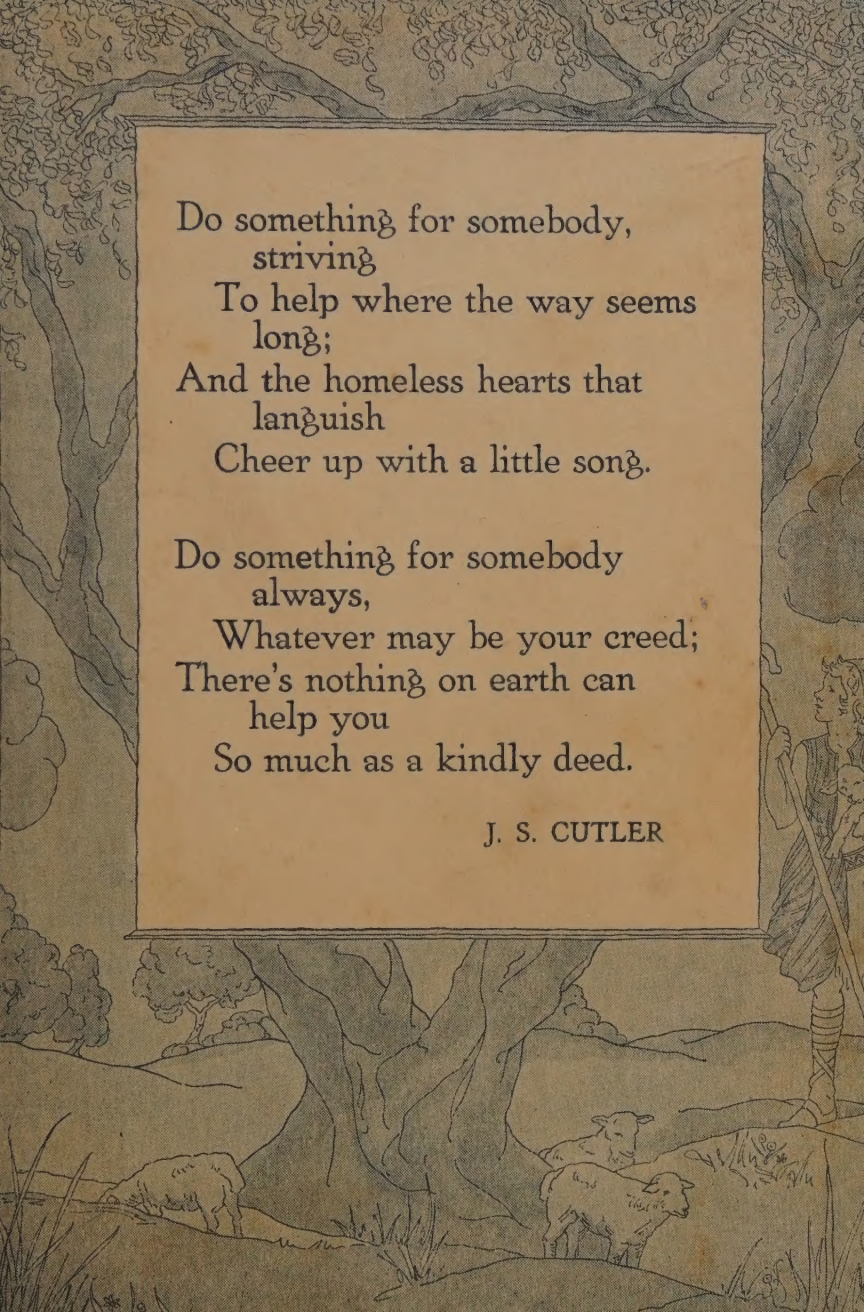
I CANNOT do the big things That I should like to do, To make the earth forever fair, The sky forever blue. But I can do the small things That help to make it sweet; Though clouds arise and fill the skies, And tempests beat.—ALFRED H. MILLS



Do Something

Do something for somebody,
somewhere,
While jogging along life's road;
Help someone to carry his
burden
And lighter will grow your load.

Do something for somebody
gladly,
'Twill sweeten your every
care;
In sharing the sorrows of others,
Your own are less hard
to bear.



Do something for somebody,
striving
To help where the way seems
long;
And the homeless hearts that
languish
Cheer up with a little song.

Do something for somebody
always,
Whatever may be your creed;
There's nothing on earth can
help you
So much as a kindly deed.

J. S. CUTLER